

THE  
H I S T O R Y  
OF  
Lady Emma Melcombe,  
AND  
HER FAMILY.  
BY A FEMALE.

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"Laugh where we must, be candid where we can."

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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VOL. III.

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LADY EMMA MELCOMBE  
a British novel, the story of a young  
lady who is married to a man who is  
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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
Lady Emma Melcombe,  
AND  
HER FAMILY.

EDWARD TO EMMA.

Paris.

THE agreeable mandate has, at  
length, arrived—and a few days will bless  
me in the embrace of my sister. Mr. Clay-  
ton is more elated than even I am, at our  
A 5 projected

6 LADY EMMA MELCOMBE

projected return. He never expressed a regret at leaving England, which makes his unusual flow of spirits somewhat remarkable.

I was studying, in my own room, when a quick step upon the stairs roused me. I expected it was Lord Craven, and was much surprised at my tutor's advancing, and folding his arms round me, exclaiming, in an animated voice, "Fortune, my dear boy, smiles propitiously upon us. We are bid to England!"

Pleased as I was myself at the information, I was struck at his raptures. He hurries the servants, chides their delay, and is quite diverting by the bustle he is continually in.

Think me not ungrateful, Lady Mary; nor you, Emma, deem me unaffectionate. Rather impute my caprice to the mutability

AND HER FAMILY.

lity of human nature, which is apt to esteem things, in proportion to the difficulty encountered in the attainment.

I shall but bring you part of myself, Emma; my better half I leave at Paris.—Do not condemn me too severely, when I tell you, I love—and must despair! Reason and honour forbid me to hope! Julia Seaton is the dear disturber of my peace! Why does she treat me like a respected friend? Why smile upon me with such sweetness? But I know the cause, and am ridiculous to make a query of it. The condescending affability of her disposition to every one, makes it in no degree wonderful.

De Alembert is come, and I fancied the lovely Julia was pensive upon the occasion; but it was a mistake. Preparations are making for their nuptials; and her beautiful face is once more reanimated with pleasure.



sure. Her eyes sparkle with additional brilliancy, and every feature is rendered more attractive. The Marquis is at his Chateau, no doubt, adorning it for the reception of its charming mistress.

Instead of grasping eagerly at the opportunity of flying from this enchantress of my soul, and trying the effect of absence, my mind lingers o'er its dearest treasure. Agonizing thoughts, alone, occupy my waking, or my sleeping hours! I am the weakest creature breathing.

You, my Emma, would scorn to be such a slave to tender passions! I knew not that I so fondly, passionately loved; till now that I am on the verge of quitting her for ever!

A few weeks hence, it would be criminal to indulge myself in this unguarded disclosure of my sentiments; for with so pure,  
so

so ardent a flame, do I adore Lady Julia Seaton, that I should think it injurious to her, if I presumed to love her when she is Marchioness de Alembert.

Happy, then, ought I to think myself that I have so fortunate a pretence to quit Paris; as I fear the frailty of humanity, might triumph over the efforts of reason, and a conviction of impropriety.

Pity, and soothe me, my dear sister! Do not rally me, my present disposition will not bear it. Time and absence, are generally looked upon as infallible. May they prove so with me!

Lord Craven accompanies me to England. I am well pleased that he does—for I love him as a brother, respect him as a friend, and honour him as a kind monitor. Yet even he knows not of my hopeless passion. You only, Emma, are the confidant,

10 LADY EMMA MELCOMBE

dant, of your brother's weakness: if it can be called so, to admire "Virtue in her fairest form."

The first Packet, after our arrival at Calais, we sail. Paris we leave on Tuesday. God bless you!

EDWARD DAVENPORT.

LADY JULIA SEATON TO MISS CLARA RAYMOND.

Paris.

**L**ORD Craven will deliver this to the hands of my Clara. He leaves France to-morrow, and with him goes the amiable Edward Davenport.

Why does my heart palpitate, and my hand tremble, when I write, "he is going?" Is this my boasted resolution?

Foolish,



Foolish and indiscreet as I am, what is it to me?

Ever prone to think highly of ourselves, I fancied I had overcome my fond partiality. Mistaken notion of my stability! It was the mere ebullition of vanity, which flattered me I was capable of rising superior to my sex. I am deceived, Clara! My sex's characteristic weakness is exemplified in me. The only pleasing thought I can trace through the meanderings of passion, is—that Edward knows not my folly.

Very nearly had I discovered myself yesterday, when Lord Craven informed us of their intention. I felt the colour which surprise occasions, mount into my cheeks; again it receded, and a faint dew came o'er my frame. I got up, on pretence of looking in my work-bag—and soon recovered to wonder audibly at the suddenness of their departure.

They

They spent the evening with us; and to-morrow call for my packet. I hope I shall not lessen myself in their opinion; it would hurt my pride (an honest one I hope it is) to be thought meanly of. You will make allowances for me, therefore, I scruple not to avow my instability.

I told you, in my last, I should see you soon. I know not yet what effect my aunt's letter had, as we have not yet been honoured with an answer. The Marquis preserves his dignity. He has indeed, wrote, but in the haughtiest stile to be conceived.

My aunt is agitated by conflicting passions. Parental affection, resentment, and sorrow, alternately alarm her peace. I am distressed at the thoughts of creating unhappiness between them. Yet, how, Clara, could I act otherwise? Could I, consistent with virtuous principles, have married de Alembert, and, at the same time,  
love

love Davenport? I shudder at the idea of being so guilty a creature. For, should I not have been tempted to draw comparisons between them, then would the Marquis have been my aversion, and the other the object of my tender regard. Even had there been no prepossession in the case, I must have been miserable with such a companion. The violence of his temper would have raised disgust; and I should have despised the man whom I had solemnly vowed to love, honour, and obey!

You will, probably, Clara, condemn this as specious arguing, merely to vindicate my not conforming to the will of my father, and, at the same time, making it appear the result of refined notions.

But ask yourself, my dear friend, or ask your honoured mamma, Whether the woman that marries a man whom she despises, only because he can place her in a splen-



did situation, is to be most pitied or condemned? My father's happiness is, I am sure, in no degree concerned; or, I hope, I should have resolution enough to endeavour to promote it. His ambition, perhaps, may. But, am I to be wretched, to feed so airy a phantom?

Do not imagine I wish to justify my attachment to Davenport, on the same grounds—weak as I am, I should think myself inexcusable by such a justification.

Write to me, when agreeable, and believe me

*Yours,*

*In sincerity of heart.*

JULIA SEATON.

MISS

MISS RAYMOND TO LADY JULIA SEATON.

*Raymond Castle.*

I Have discovered a secret, Julia. My very good, grave friend, Lord Essex, is seriously, soberly, and sentimentally in love with Emma Davenport! And, what is infinitely more diverting, still wishes to conceal it, even from the object of his passion.

I will tell you how I found it out. My poor brother is dying for this little insensible; and like a dutiful, good son, asked pappu and mamma, to authorise a declaration. How could they resist the temptation of calling the handsomest creature breathing *daughter*! Proposals were made in form—and with unaffected good-humour, rejected.

The

The gay, gallant Ormsby, who surrendered at the first glance of her bright eyes, has also met a refusal.

Vain creatures! to hope to engross so lovely a girl! I rally them, without mercy, on their presumption! Why, the chit absolutely refused the quintessence of nobility, in the person of the Duke of Surrey! —But to my discovery.

Since our residence at the Castle, I have observed Essex to be very attentive to every movement of Emma, and, apparently, without design, drew her into arguments which I am sure he would not have supported, had it not been for the pleasure of hearing them confuted by his sweet antagonist; as they were, I know, foreign to his sentiments.

You know, Julia, that I have as much curiosity as any of Eve's daughter's. I, therefore,



therefore, determined to mark the progress of this platonic love ; which, I have reason to suppose mutual. Not that Emma makes me her confidant ; for she would expire at the idea of loving Lord Effex, whom she supposes engaged to Lady Selina Clairville.

The mistake originated at the masquerade, which I mentioned having received an invitation to, in my last. This I have cherished, to prevent the dear girl from indulging an hopeless passion ; as Effex's known insensibility made me fear it would prove so. A conversation I heard between Charles, Ormsby, and himself, determined me to continue the deception.

The subject was disinterested love. Effex declared, “ that he would not marry the  
“ most unexceptionable woman living, even  
“ if he doated on her, unless he were convinced she loved him, for himself alone,  
“ superior to every other consideration ; and

“this he would be convinced of, before  
“he hazarded an avowal.”

Very fine this, is it not, Julia? To suppose that he is capable of creating such a disturbance in a female breast. From the moment I heard this Quixotic speech, I resolved Emma should not contribute to feed his vanity; and, for this purpose, pretended to know he was going to be married to Lady Selina, who is sufficiently lovely to be a dangerous rival.

Emma, who is Innocence personified, implicitly believes; and, esteeming him as a friend, discourses freely, and unconsciously displays a thousand charms in behaviour and conversation, which her timidity veiled from us when in public life.

To be certain about Effex, I played him a trick the other day. I was sat alone in the music-parlour, when his lordship entered.

tered. Emma's implements for drawing, lay upon the table. Fortunately for my scheme, she had been copying a miniature picture of Lord George Montgomery, for Lady Mary.

He took it up, and I pretended to wish to secure it, as I said, "Emma would be vexed, if she knew any body had seen it." "Why, who is it intended for?" asked his lordship, in the accents of fear. "For her favourite lover, my lord." "And who is the happy mortal, so distinguished?" "I shall not tell you; but I suppose they will be married soon—and then you will know!"

"Married! Emma Davenport married! insupportable thought!" I rattled away at my harpsicord, and took no notice of his exclamation. In a moment he was by my side—"Are you serious, Miss Raymond?" "About what, my lord?" "Is it possible that



“ that Miss Davenport is going to be mar-  
 “ ried ? ” “ You are truly an amazing crea-  
 “ ture, and ask most diverting questions !  
 “ In return, permit me to interrogate you.  
 “ Do you think there is any improbability  
 “ in such a lovely creature being admired ;  
 “ and, in that admiration creating a wish  
 “ to possess such excellence ? And pray,  
 “ my lord, what motive impels you to be  
 “ so inquisitive ? Some extraordinary rea-  
 “ son, no doubt, prompts you ; as no such  
 “ idle cause as *curiosity*, could so warmly  
 “ interest you ? ”

During this speech, he was pacing up  
 and down the room at a violent rate, whilst  
 I, all composure, waited his answer.—I  
 have observed, Julia, that the real man of  
 sense, is always most embarrassed at tri-  
 fles. A silly, conceited fellow, would  
 have laughed at me, and, by mere dint of  
 impertinence, baffled my scheme. Not so  
 my Lord Essex. He absolutely gasped for  
 breath

breath; and, in a voice just audible, and a fervent pressure of my hand, he cried, "For Heaven's sake, Clara, do not sport with my feelings! Is Miss Davenport engaged? Or is that picture a favoured lover?"

Seeing me check a smile, he threw my hand from him with anger—and again took it, with supplicating looks. At that auspicious moment, entered the sweet cause of our dispute. Blushing like the morn, she attempted a retreat, at seeing us so employed, but I prevented her, by calling, "Come in, child—and I will tell you how ridiculous Lord Essex is. He will maintain that this is a very ugly picture—what do you think?"

"Quite the contrary (replied she). Fie, my lord, it is very handsome, and a great likeness. I never traced the lineaments of a face that pleased me better." He  
bit

bit his lips, looked reproachfully at me, and told her "he never said any such thing, nor even thought so."

He soon afterward left us, and Emma was silent and reserved, expecting me to explain matters. This, at present, I did not chuse—as his pride shall condescend to solicit, ere he is received as a lover.

The next time I saw him, he looked quite in the Penforoso stile. I laughed, and told him he was found out. We presently came to an explanation, and I have promised him I will not anticipate his declaration.

I am quite pleased at this event; as I do not know a man living so worthy of Miss Davenport—or a woman capable of making him so happy as she is.

We



We expect Edward Davenport. His sister is in raptures; and I am not dissatisfied, for, probably, Craven may come with him. Are you not astonished at such an acknowledgment from me. But I will confess, my caprice has kept him away, and I repent the many happy moments I have deprived myself of.

On their arrival, I hope to hear from you. Adieu!

CLARA RAYMOND

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

*Raymond Castle.*

THEY are come, Julia! I have seen your paragon, and do allow, he "beggars all description."

Craven

Craven is infinitely more agreeable than ever, in my opinion, and positively very much like Emma. I am half jealous of the attention he pays *her*. Effex is frightened at the distinction she treats *him* with.

Your Edward is melancholy, and out of spirits, but still extremely handsome. I will not chide you for loving him; it is almost impossible to avoid it.

Do not marry de Alembert. Your arguments, strengthened by the knowledge of Davenport, convinces me you will be miserable, if you do. Craven, and his friend, set off for London to-morrow. It is mortifying to lose them so soon, and nothing but the promise of a speedy return can console us.

The noble puissant Duke of Surrey, has taken up his residence in this neighbourhood. He has purchased a house late in  
the

the possession of Lord Wroughton. We had the honour of his company to dinner yesterday, to the great annoyance of us all, especially poor Emma. The man never ceased from teasing her.

I wish you could have seen Effex—he looked vastly desirous of putting him out of the room. My poor brother was gloomy and discontented. I am alarmed for him; he does not strive against a passion which never can be gratified. Ormsby is wiser, he has fled from the “smiling mischief.”

Edward Davenport was evidently displeased at the Duke of Surrey's assiduity, as it apparently pained his sister. Take my honest word for it, Julia, that boy has a proud heart. I saw pride and indignation flush his fine face, when the Duke, presuming on his superiority of rank, imposed his opinion peremptorily on the company, and, against her inclination, constrained



Emma to listen to him. The man makes love to her publicly—and vows no one shall, unmolested, snatch such a treasure from him.

Conceive, my dear girl, how distressing such a procedure must be, to so delicate, so refined a creature as she is. I foresee we shall have much trouble with him. I wish he was in Italy, with all my heart.

Emma disguises her resentment, lest her brother should be in danger. So are we at present situated—we cannot forbid Surrey the house. I will not close my letter, till I can amuse you better.

#### IN CONTINUATION.

We are all astonishment and terror! I told you, our newly-arrived beaux were to quit us. They went a day or two ago.—

This

This moment an express is arrived, to fetch Emma, with a prohibition not to be alarmed, but come immediately ; and a request tacked to it, for me to accompany her.

The foolish servant says, " somebody is "dying—but knows not who." The dear girl is half-distracted ; and we are sufficiently terrified. I will send this—as I know not when I can finish it, if I do not now. When I learn particulars, you will hear again from me. Effex and Charles escorte us to town.

CLARA RAYMOND.

MISS

MISS RAYMOND to LADY RAYMOND.

*London.*

**I**N compliance with my honoured mamma's request; and at the same time to gratify my own propensity for recounting wonderful adventures, I eagerly seize the first vacant moment, to write to the dear inmates of Raymond Castle.

We arrived at the Earl of Roscoe's, late in the evening. The family were waiting for us, and we were soon relieved from our anxiety, on account of those we loved, by seeing them all in good health, and remarkable spirits.

Almost dying with curiosity, I hinted our surprise at being sent for, but they minded me not. I looked at Craven for an explanation—but he was ignorant of the cause.

At



At last, all our beaux, but Edward, departed, and the mystery was unfolded. But to save me the trouble, and yourself the mortification of reading my impertinent comments, I have obtained leave to send the inclosed Manuscript, for your perusal; and beg leave, with all proper decorum, to introduce The Right Honourable Edward, Earl of Loudon, and his sister Lady Emma Drayton, to your acquaintance. You will be at no loss, my dear mamma, after reading the History, to recognize the Davenports, under this distinction.

The reason of our being sent for in such haste, was, for Emma to see the man who has so long kept them from such splendid fortunes, before he died. Shocked, as the dear girl was, at the idea of seeing a wretched sinner in the agonies of death, her humanity soared above every selfish principle; and the sweet voice of comfort, from the consoling cherubim, soothed the pillow of

distress ! His last breath was expended in a blessing for the orphans !

What must such a mild creature as Emma, do with such vast possessions ! He has bequeathed her eighty thousand pounds in ready specie, and six thousand a year.—Edward will have his father's unincumbered estate, and a prodigious sum likewise.

There is but one consideration that gives me pain. Lord Craven's father and mother I detest, for the cruelty practised towards Lady Loudon.

I was very happy in the opportunity of sending you the Manuscript, as Edward and Emma did nothing but weep over it.—Lady Mary Montgomery is an angel ; Lord Roscoe, a demi-god ; and Lady Roscoe, a true *woman*. Lord Castlehaven, an old simpleton ; her ladyship, a sorceress ; and Caroline Euston, a fiend. Such, my mam-

ma,

ma, are they in my estimation. The three last mentioned I can never love, notwithstanding the affinity they bear to Craven.

We have not told Craven, nor know how, as it will distress him too much to be acquainted with particulars. He, Effex, and Charles, dine with us to-day, when we are to introduce them to our young nobility.

IN CONTINUATION.

Effex and Charles first made their appearance at Lord Roscoe's. I was dressed, and hastened down to receive them, congratulating myself on the happy occasion I had of exercising their patience.

With well-disssembled anxiety, I asked, "if they had heard any thing concerning Edward or Emma Davenport?" With a *real* display of that terror, I only *affected*,  
they



they eagerly, and both at once, asked,  
 “What I meant?” “I answered it was a  
 “very *odd* affair; but Lady Ann Pelham  
 “was much in the *right* of it, when she  
 “said Emma was an *impostor*; for she had  
 “no more *pretension* to the name of *Daven-*  
 “*port* than either of them. And moreover,  
 “both *her*, and *Edward*, had taken them-  
 “selves from Lady Mary’s *guardianship*, as  
 “properly *qualified* to take care of them-  
 “selves!”

I might have talked till now, without  
 being interrupted by them. They stood  
 silent and immoveable, with their eyes  
 and mouths frightfully extended. I begun  
 to fear they were petrified; but I was hap-  
 pily undeceived, on Emma’s entering the  
 room, dressed in deep mourning.

Well might they start; for never did I  
 behold so interesting a figure. Her sable  
 garb added new brilliancy to her complec-  
 tion,

tion, and a soft melancholy hung over her face—the result of her late agitations—which rendered her doubly alluring. She addressed them with that sweetness which attends her minutest actions. They replied at random; for I am sure they were not perfectly coherent.

To heighten their embarrassment, I “asked where my lord was, and how his “head-ach did” (he having been troubled with it the preceding day). Her reply was exactly calculated to increase my diversion. Doatingly fond of him, she expressed much unhappiness at his indisposition. This put the finishing stroke to Effex’s inquietude. He turned pale and restless, and would have left the room, had not Lady Mary and the Countess entered.

I took care to seat myself in such a manner as to preclude any particular conversation. Craven, on his arrival, testified  
much

much surprise at Edward and Emma being in black. The question was, however, waved, as the servants were in the room.

Lord Roscoe introduced the subject, by asking if they had heard Lord Loudon lay dying. Craven said, he had not; and they, insensibly, got into an animated discourse concerning it. I never beheld my good lover in so amiable a light. He expatiated so feelingly on his sister's merits, and lamented his father's inflexibility, as the cause of her sufferings so pathetically, that my heart rose to my eyes. Lord Loudon and Lady Emma, actuated by the same tender sensations, could not restrain their emotions—and, whilst Emma, in graceful silence clasped his knees, Edward, in energetic, though scarce audible accents, addressed him as the *son* of that dear sister!

It is impossible for so feeble a pen as mine to do justice to the scene. The whole  
groupe



groupe exhibited the most striking proofs of sensibility. If I had not been partial to Lord Craven before, his behaviour on this occasion, would have won my favour. He raised his charming niece, and alternately folded her and Edward in his arms.

Lady Mary looked a celestial being. The sweet drops of joy and self-approbation, chased each other down her benevolently-animated face ; whilst she blessed the hour that first gave her an opportunity of succouring oppressed innocence ! Lord and Lady Roscoe behaved as they ought to do ; and Lord Essex and Charles, as they ought not.—After they had recovered from their astonishment, they sunk into a gloomy dejection, inexplicable to all the company but me.

I felt I cannot describe how, the rest of the evening. I was too happy either to laugh or to cry. You will think my remark

mark an absurd one, but it is true. I have frequently experienced very painful sensations, which have originated in pleasure.

It was agreed, that we should all pay Lord Castlehaven a visit in form; and that Craven should note the impression which the sight of his grandchildren makes on his obdurate heart, and take measures accordingly.

Every thing has been taken possession of according to the strictest justice; and, after their introduction to the old lord, their rank is to be publicly announced. In such disposition are matters at present. In a few days you will hear again from

*Your affectionate daughter.*

CLARA RAYMOND.

L A D Y

LADY JULIA SEATON TO MISS RAYMOND.

Paris.

I Received your two last, which I thank you for; and am all impatience for an explanation of your sudden journey to town. Strange things have happened here; so that any wonderful events you have to relate will not so much surprise me.

The long expected letter from my father is, at length arrived; and the contents, as far as relate to myself, I will transcribe.

“ You will pardon my deliberating so long on the subject of your letter; but, as an important concern, I could not sooner determine. It gave me much uneasiness to hear of the difference in sentiments between the Marquis and Julia;



“and the more so, as I am convinced (not-  
 “withstanding your kindness in endeavour-  
 “ing to palliate it) the fault is in my  
 “daughter’s temper, rather than in the  
 “Marquis.”

“Julia, my lady, has been a spoiled  
 “girl, from being the youngest pledge of  
 “an union the most happy to be imagined.  
 “She was, from her infancy, indulged in  
 “every little caprice, which grew up with  
 “her; and Louisa has always been the  
 “slave of her humours, much more so  
 “than I was made acquainted with—as she  
 “(who doated upon her) feared my inter-  
 “position would vex her darling sister. I  
 “mean not to depreciate my daughter,  
 “Julia, in your opinion; for, except some  
 “little defects in her temper, she is a dear,  
 “amiable girl.”

“But, my dear madam, is there no al-  
 “ternative? Must I give up all hopes of  
 an

“an alliance with your family? Permit  
 “me to offer an expedient. Louisa is a  
 “sensible, elegant woman, and the Mar-  
 “quis a discerning, agreeable man, and I  
 “should think myself peculiarly happy if  
 “a marriage between them should take  
 “place. She, I am certain, will not ob-  
 “ject to what I propose; and, if you ap-  
 “prove it, I wish you would sound the  
 “Marquis, and let me speedily know the  
 “result. Louisa is anxious to embrace a  
 “much-loved sister, and I have a wish to  
 “see my child. If the above mentioned  
 “idea meet with your approbation, I will  
 “attend Louisa to France.”

How do you like my portrait, Clara,  
 drawn by a parent's hand? How I wept  
 over this unkind letter! There was sure-  
 ly no necessity to lower me, that Louisa  
 might be exalted. Her natural, and ac-  
 quired accomplishments, raise her infinitely  
 superior to me, without entirely sinking  
 the

the little merit I am possessed of. My good aunt saw through the scheme instantly. She kindly attributes it to my sister's unconquered predilection in favour of the Marquis, which my father delicately disguises.

The day after we received this, and while we were considering in what manner to break it to my cousin, we were surprised at the sight of him, as careless and unconcerned, as if nothing had happened.

He apologised to the Marchioness for his absence, by saying, "he had been entertaining several of his friends at his Chateau." He treated me with a *haughty condescension* (if I may with propriety use such a term) that seemed to say, "you must *submit*, Lady Julia, and I shall then, *perhaps*, forgive you!" Much pleased at such behaviour, I cultivated it, by a supercilious demeanor (not natural to me)

that



that told him “he was mistaken—I should  
“make no *submission*.”

The next day, my aunt mentioned her having wrote to the Duke, and produced his answer. He appeared much struck, that matters had proceeded so far; but she thought his *pride* appeared more hurt than his *love*—and, after remaining some time without speaking, he rose up and left the room.

He soon returned—seemed milder than usual—and said, “if *she* approved, *he* had  
“no objection; as his passion for Julia Sea-  
“ton was not so *very violent*, but he could  
“*exist* without her—especially as that lady  
“had conceived (for what reason he knew  
“not) an *aversion* to him; and that he  
“would not marry a *princess* who did not  
“*prefer* him to every thing breathing.”

All this, though not delivered in *anger*, was marked by a *peculiar emphasis*, you may imagine. To sum up all, “he wished the “Marchioness to send an invitation to the “Duke and Louisa; but without mentioning whether he *acquiesced*, or was even “made *acquainted* with it, as he was resolved not to marry, unless he had the “*most flattering* proofs of a lady’s *predilection* “in his favour.”

The letter is gone, and we are expecting them. I am so delighted at the Marquis behaving so rationally, that it absorbs every other idea; and I forget my father’s reflections, Louisa’s ill-nature—which must have suggested them to him—and even Davenport himself.

If this much-wished event take place, I will petition to re-visit dear England. My respects

respects attend Lady Raymond, and believe me

*Yours,*

*In sincerity.*

JULIA SEATON.

MISS RAYMOND TO LADY RAYMOND.

*London.*

**A** GAIN I reassume my pen, to acquaint my honoured pappa and mamma with our proceedings. We are playing the prettiest game at cross-purposes you ever saw.

Emma loves Effex, yet is as ignorant of it, as of his attachment to her; and pays more attention to my brother, on supposition



tion that Lord Effex is offended at her without a cause—and, consequently, considers him as a capricious animal. Poor Charles, delighted at the least distinction from so fair a creature, is exalted above himself; and fancies she will, at last, take pity on him.

Effex, conscious of his folly in not avowing his love, through a false pride, which urged him to wish the lady would give the first tokens of a growing regard, is gloomy and disagreeable, and will not strive to please the dear girl, as he was wont to do, lest she should suspect him of interested views, now he knows her rank and fortune.

Craven and I are in the secret, in which I mean Charles to participate, to prevent his indulging vain hopes. Effex, I intend to punish a little, for being possessed of so much good sense, and yet acting so absurdly.

I inclose you a letter from Julia. I promise myself much diversion there—for I am persuaded, that our newly-dignified peer, is dying for my friend, though a strict and refined sense of honour prevented him from disclosing any symptoms of it to her. This I am authorised to say, from the perusal of the Earl's letter to his sister.

Are you not very fond of Mrs. Brudenell? She is a very particular favourite of mine; not only from what I learned of her through Lady Loudon's narrative, but from her fondness of Lord Loudon and Lady Emma. I do not know whether Craven will not marry her, to make her amends for the attachment she evinced to his sister (which has been explained to him, without saying ought to make him break a commandment, in despising his mother, which, I conceive, would be unavoidable, were he to know how preposterously she acted).

I know my dear mamma will be pleased at my candid acknowledgment of entertaining a just idea of Lord Craven's merit. He has appeared in so amiable a light, from some late transactions, that I cannot treat him with the levity I was wont to do ; and, if I continue in rational good-humour with him some time longer, you will stand a fair chance of being rid of your prating girl.

I am afraid he will spoil me. He is so proud, so delighted at the distinction I pay him, that his happiness runs away with his wits, and my sober, sedate Craven, is metamorphosed into a gay, gallant courtier. It is well Emma has found him out to be so nearly allied to her ; for she vows, he is the most agreeable mad-cap she knows.

We are going to see my pappa and mamma elect, this afternoon. I wish I may have cause to respect them more than I do at present.



## IN CONTINUATION:

IT will never do. The old lord is bearable—but her ladyship I cannot be reconciled to, notwithstanding the partiality she professes for her Craven's choice.

Lady Emma was all trembling anxiety, as the time drew near when we were to pay our visit in St. James's street. Lord Loudon behaved just as he ought to do, tender and affectionate to Emma: he soothed her agitations; and, though not unmoved himself, assumed a dignity and composure very pleasing, and calculated to raise the depressed spirits of his lovely sister.

Lord and Lady Roscoe went in their own carriage; Lady Mary and Lord Loudon, in Effex's; and Lady Emma, myself, and Craven, in his.

After

After the introductory forms were over, and Lord Castlehaven had paid his son some very flattering compliments on his taste, in chusing so fair a creature as me, and said abundance of fine things on the honour I did them :—the rest of the company shared his notice. In particular, Emma attracted his attention. He scarce took his eyes off the dear girl, and when he did, it was to turn them on Edward.

While we were thus situated, Mr. and Mrs. and the two Miss Westbrookes entered. All our party, except Craven, shuddered at the sight of them. You will ask why? Mrs. Westbrooke was Caroline Euston—need I say more? Lady Emma was ready to faint, when they were announced, and could scarce stand up to receive them. To me Mrs. Westbrooke was particularly complaisant, whilst I could scarcely be civil to her.

Mr.

Mr. Westbrooke is an agreeable, plain man; and has two daughters, very amiable girls; but so much in awe of their odious mother, that they hardly dare speak, or look.

This Caroline, observed Edward minutely, and looked, I thought, very significantly at her mother, who seemed to understand her, and, in return, glanced her eye towards Emma. But, were I to dwell so much upon trifles, I should write a volume ere the whole be related. You must, therefore, mamma, suppose all our painful thoughts, constrained looks, and impertinent reflections, while I hasten to the *denouement*.

I told you, in my last, that this was meant as a mere visit of curiosity, to develop the sentiments of Lord Castlehaven; but it is no new thing for accident to counteract design.



Mr. Westbrooke, very innocently, introduced the recent death of Lord Loudon, and added (without perceiving the embarrassment under which we all laboured) that “he had left the bulk of his fortune to two young orphans; but that he supposed the legal heir would claim it.”

Shall I tell you how we looked at this speech? It is impossible! Language is inadequate! The truth seemed to rush on the guilty Caroline. She turned pettishly to her honest spouse, and reproached him for picking up intelligence, for which there was no authority. He stammered out something, about it might be a *mistake*—but he was informed so.

The elegant Loudon, at this moment, arose, and, in the most emphatic accents, told him, “it was perfectly *right*. The “*Usurper* of Lord Loudon’s rights, had “left the whole of his fortune to two or-  
“phans

“ phans (his fine eyes glistened, he took  
 “ Emma’s hand, and proceeded) in every  
 “ sense of the word, *orphans*, deprived,  
 “ through the means of a base *calumniator*  
 “ (looking at Mrs. Westbrooke) of a fa-  
 “ ther, whose life paid the forfeit of a too  
 “ hasty belief of the intelligence of one,  
 “ he had before *sufficient* cause to *despise*;  
 “ and robbed of a tender, virtuous mother,  
 “ who died a martyr to *grief*, for the loss  
 “ of a *father’s* affection, and the *world’s*  
 “ good opinion. Add to which, they were  
 “ wronged of their *lawful* patrimony, thro’  
 “ the inattention of those who *ought* to have  
 “ *protected* their tender years; and, by acts  
 “ of *kindness* to the *offspring*, endeavoured to  
 “ atone for their *cruelty* to the *parents*!

Turning gracefully round, and support-  
 ing his weeping sister, he continued his in-  
 teresting speech, which nobody had power  
 to interrupt (our party, indeed, did not  
 wish it—and the other could not). “ I am  
 “ the

“ the *Earl of Loudon!* This (pressing Emma to his bosom) is my *sister!*—the neglected children of Lady Emma Melcombe, the *despised* grandchildren of Lady Agnes Douglas, and, I would add, the *humble suppliants* for Lord Castlehaven’s  *blessing* (they sunk on their knees before him). O refuse not so *small* a boon; let my honoured mother’s *hovering spirit* (if such a thing be permitted by the wise Disposer of events) be hushed to *peace*, by the prospect of her father’s *forgiveness* and  *blessing* devolving on her darlings!”

Tears choaked further articulation! It was a luxury of sorrow, and we indulged it! My amiable Craven added his intreaties. Who could refuse such heart-moving supplications? Old *Obduracy* threw his arms round them—and sobbing audibly, gave them his  *blessing*; and even intreated their *forgiveness*, and that of his departed child!

What



What tongue, what pen can describe the countenances of Lady Castlehaven, and Mrs. Westbrooke! Alternate fear, anger, resentment, and guilt, crimsoned their cheeks! Lord Castlehaven wished a recapitulation of circumstances; but Edward begged "he would pardon his compliance, "as there were, unfortunately, in his mother's narrative, woes and occurrences "which reflected *eternal dishonour* upon the "parties mentioned!"

Lady Mary was highly carested by my pappa elect; and he has since told Craven, "that he is happier now, than ever he has "been since Lord Loudon died; as he felt "a *consciousness* of having acted improperly, "though he was *afraid* to investigate "matters, lest those he *loved* (meaning his "lady) should suffer in his opinion."

The good Westbrooke was delighted—because he was ignorant of the part his wife

bore in it; and only rejoiced from having been the happy instrument of bringing about a reconciliation.

Lord Loudon and Lady Emma intreated the friendship of their amiable cousins, who were extremely affected, and seemed happy in the request—but looked fearfully at their mother, who nodded approbation. She was too much afraid of explanations, to appear otherwise than pleased. Lady Castlehaven was in the same predicament; and we really were delighted.—In mutual good-humour we returned home.

Adieu! my dear parents, may pleasant dreams attend your slumbers! It is past two o'clock. My next will probably fix a time to re-visit sweet Raymond Castle!

CLARA RAYMOND.

LADY

LADY JULIA SEATON TO MRS CLARA RAYMOND.

*From the Chateau.*

**W**E are all harmony and good-humour at the Marquis de Alembert's Chateau; from whence I write this.

My father and Louisa arrived a few days ago; and who so caressed and so favoured as your Julia? I hardly know my sister, she is so affable, so lively, and agreeable, that it is impossible not to love her. My aunt is much pleased with her; and believe me, I feel no sensation but joy at her appearing so worthy to be distinguished.

The Marquis pays her every attention we can expect from a young, gallant, man; and she receives his civilities as a well-bred woman ought, intermingled with a tender solicitude to please, that cannot but be flattering to him she wishes to captivate.

The



The Duke is happy in the promising appearance his hopes wear; and I am delighted at the prospect of all parties being mutually satisfied. Heaven continue matters in their present pleasing train, which, if my cousin is sincere, will assuredly be the means of happiness to us all!

But, I fear much, that the Marquis is too violent in his temper, to make even my sister happy, who is so ardently attached to him. Her loving him, undoubtedly will give her a far better chance than I possibly could have experienced. He scarce notices me; but that I do not regard, as I hope it proceeds from the dislike he has taken to me, in consequence of my behaviour.

It is the first time, Clara, that I ever rejoiced at losing the good opinion of any one; especially, if I had reason to suspect my own conduct as the cause. We are variable creatures, and are frequently happy,  
or

or miserable, at events, which, in different circumstances, would affect us by contraries. Whether it is a failing, or a merit, in human nature, that we are so, I am not casuist enough to determine.

To-morrow, the Marquis gives an elegant ball, to honour his visitors, and I will defer closing my letter, to give you an account of it—though you are so idle, you do not deserve it, Clara. Or do you defer writing in compliment to me, on a supposition that I have less curiosity than is usually bestowed on my sex?

## IN CONTINUATION.

HOW mutable is human felicity!—Yesterday, saw me happy, contented, and even rejoicing in my future hopes! To-day, the sun rises upon me in full glory, and I am wretched and discontented—while all around me wear a face of mirth!

I,

I, alone, am gloomy and sad ! I see surprise and pity blended on my Clara's countenance, at this disagreeable definition of my sentiments ! I will, therefore, no longer anticipate.

Nature and art were ransacked to make our day's entertainment splendid and agreeable ; nothing was omitted that could add to the general festivity. Every body who had pretension to birth, beauty, rank, and accomplishments, were invited ; and no exertions were spared to render the amusements pleasing to them.

There is a beautiful wilderness terminates the well-laid-out garden, and leads to a sweet little rural hermitage. This was illuminated with variegated lamps, and made a most pleasing appearance.

We were all rambling, fancy-directed, in the garden, when Louisa and I approached



proached the hermitage. By some means, we separated in the wild turnings of this romantic place, and I found myself close to the verge of the wilderness. I was about to call to Louisa, when my ears were struck with the sound of my cousin's voice, repeating my name. Curiosity, or some still stronger motive, induced me to the meanness of listening. I quickly discerned the young Duke de Henrie's voice, answering. But, to prevent repetitions, I will give you the conversation, in dialogue, as near as I can recollect it.

*De Henrie.* "Why then did you consent to Lady Louisa's being sent for?  
"She is certainly too amiable to be duped  
"by a pretended passion; nor can I conceive what end you imagine will be answered by it."

*De Alembert.* "I'll tell you. When I left Paris, in such anger at the scornful  
"treatment

“treatment of Julia Seaton, I had secured  
 “her maid in my interest, and, by her  
 “means, was acquainted with whatever  
 “happened. Not that either Lady Julia,  
 “or the Marchioness, had occasion to  
 “make a confidant of her: a lady’s favou-  
 “rite woman is never at a loss to come at  
 “her mistress’s secrets. They can turn  
 “eaves-droppers; or now and then make  
 “free with her cabinet.”

*De Henrie.* “But are not such means  
 “unjustifiable? How could you, *de Alem-*  
 “bert, condescend to bribe a servant to  
 “betray the trust reposed in her, on suppo-  
 “sition she was worthy of it. But proceed  
 “to your reasons for this extraordinary  
 “conduct.”

*De Alembert.* “From the information I  
 “received from my mercenary agent, I  
 “learnt, that if I persecuted Julia, she  
 “would return to England. This would  
 “effectually

“effectually have overthrown my schemes,  
 “I, therefore, returned, to prevent it, if  
 “possible; when my kind mamma produc-  
 “ed the Duke’s letter. My equivocal an-  
 “swer to the proposition therein contained,  
 “was merely to gain time; and, by this  
 “stratagem, detain my charming tyrant  
 “here; for, oh! de Henrie! she loves!  
 “passionately loves! the smooth-faced,  
 “insinuating Davenport, as much as she  
 “hates me.”

*De Henrie.* “Is it possible! Has not  
 “jealousy magnified the sweet affability she  
 “shews to *all*, into a fond regard for *one*?”

*De Alembert.* “No, no. I have con-  
 “vincing proofs of her attachment, from  
 “the copies of her letters to her darling  
 “Clara Raymond. Tame, loving fool,  
 “that I am, she avows her partiality in the  
 “warmest terms; and her aversion to me,  
 VOL. III. F “quite



“quite as pointedly. And yet, I doat upon  
“this perverse vixen.”

*De Henrie.* “Is Davenport sensible of the  
“distinction this lovely girl pays him?”

*De Alembert.* “No. Her delicacy of  
“sentiment prevents that, and, indeed,  
“I believe, the varlet beheld this inimita-  
“ble creature unmoved. For, when he was  
“at Paris, I have seen him look at her with  
“a cool tranquility that would not have  
“disgraced a Stoic; whilst I. have gazed  
“away my senses, and, lost in the tran-  
“sporting extacy of love, have oft of-  
“fended the little prude, by the most ge-  
“nuine marks of passion.”

*De Henrie.* “After all—what do you  
“propose to do? The whole family seem  
“to expect you will marry Louisa? Whilst  
“the amiable creature herself is ready to  
“receive you as a blessing from Heaven.  
“And

“ And will you not stand a far better  
 “ chance of being happy, with one who  
 “ doats upon you, than with Lady Julia,  
 “ all-perfect as she is?”

*De Alembert.* “ Attempt not to reason  
 “ with me—I will possess her, or die in the  
 “ struggle. If she is once my wife (de-  
 “ lightful thought!) her notions of conju-  
 “ gal duty are so strong, and her disposition  
 “ so mild, that I cannot fail of happiness.”

*De Henrie.* “ You will not use force!”

*De Alembert.* “ What other method can  
 “ I pursue? She will never listen to me on  
 “ the subject again, and matters every day  
 “ grow nearer a crisis. It was to solicit  
 “ your aid, that I have thus opened my  
 “ heart to you. Grant me the use of your  
 “ villa, on the banks of the Seine. My  
 “ chaplain will unite us in the indissoluble  
 “ bands of wedded love, and I will regard  
 “ you

“you as an instrument in the attainment  
“of my bliss?”

*De Henrie.* “Never hope that I will  
“contribute to entail misery and despair on  
“so angelic a woman!”

*De Alembert.* “Which you, from the  
“high opinion you entertain for the man  
“you profess to call friend, judge as the  
“natural consequence of an union with  
“me!”

*De Henrie.* “Be calm, fir. I do think  
“so; and wish you to act worthy your high  
“rank, worthy the man I esteem as a  
“friend; and consistent with your own  
“principles of honour and rectitude. I  
“would add”—

*De Alembert.* “No more. I am not to  
“be duped by mere professional friendship,  
“which evaporates when called into action.  
“It



“ It was assistance to *forward* an established  
“ scheme, I wanted of you, not counsel to  
“ *retard* it. Your ideas are very nice—or  
“ you must have some secret motive.”

*De Henrie.* “ You treat me unjustly,  
“ my lord. I have no motive, but a wish  
“ to preserve your honour, and Lady Julia  
“ Seaton’s felicity, which are equally en-  
“ dangered by such an intention. How  
“ could you bear to behold the woman, on  
“ whom your soul doats, a prey to misery  
“ and despair? Would it not wring your  
“ heart with inconceivable anguish, to see  
“ her sink patiently, and without regret,  
“ into the grave, as an asylum of peace?  
“ And how much more would it add to  
“ the poignancy of your feelings, to know  
“ yourself the cause; by depriving her  
“ of the poor satisfaction of thinking of  
“ him she loves, without committing a  
“ crime? Believe me, my friend, you  
“ would be the veriest wretch alive! I

“ know you, de Alembert, better than you  
 “ know yourself. I have noted every move-  
 “ ment of your temper. Rash, impetuous,  
 “ and hasty, you commit actions from the  
 “ first impulse of passion, which your Rea-  
 “ son and Honour for ever regret! Rouse  
 “ yourself from this inactivity of the better  
 “ principles of your soul, and let me not  
 “ have the mortification to know that I  
 “ have bestowed my friendship unworthily!”

This amiable young man ceased, and  
 de Alembert seemed half choaked with  
 conflicting emotions. Ready to sink with  
 apprehension—wishing, yet fearing to hear  
 de Alembert’s reply, and not knowing how  
 to apologize for my absence, I scarcely  
 could support myself, I trembled so vio-  
 lently. The sound of approaching foot-  
 steps, forced me to determine; and I  
 evaded a discovery by taking a different  
 road, which led me nearest to the house.

I instantly retired to my room, and endeavoured to compose my ruffled spirits—but in vain. De Alembert's duplicity, and wicked intention, overpowered every calmer reflection. In vain, I wished to persuade myself, the noble sentiments and exalted friendship of the Duke de Henrie, must succeed. Alas! de Alembert is devoid of such sensations, and I am highly distressed how to act!

After some time, I regained composure sufficient to return to the company; and as every body had been agreeably engaged, my absence was not noticed. I secretly indulged an hope that I should discover the Marquis's intentions, by his behaviour to the Duke.

If an open rupture was the consequence of their altercation, I might be certain they both persisted in their sentiments; if, on the contrary, they seemed united in the bonds



bonds of peace, I should have reason to hope, Virtue prevailed over Passion. This consideration enabled me to assume an air of gaiety, foreign to my heart—which was oppressed by a weight of fears.

But, ere I hasten to the sequel, permit me to animadvert on the foregoing discoveries. What a mean, despicable disposition is de Alembert's! And how much I am shocked at his being in possession of my dearest secrets; and not only him, but by the same undue means, half Paris may perhaps know them! My servant too, ungrateful girl! I took her from poverty and misery, and have ever treated her with kindness. I dare not relax of it at present, lest it should give suspicion; and I am reduced to dissemble, even with my own servant.

I am grieved for my poor Louisa! How unfortunately has she placed her affections! What will become of her, on the discovery,

ry, and in what manner can I break this matter to the family! I am constrained to give pain to those I love, and have not the least way to avoid it! Suppose I suppress my knowledge of the disagreeable turn in the Marquis, and fly to England to your dear mamma for refuge: can I hope she will receive a runaway? Or can I imagine the implacable Marquis will not seek revenge, on a supposition I fly to Davenport.

I would not, for any consideration whatever, hazard so valuable a creature's life; nor could I exist, if such a report should prevail. If I stay, fear and apprehension torture me incessantly. I am absolutely necessitated, once more, to wound the peace of my dear aunt.

I have only one more reflection to make, and that is, on the noble, disinterested conduct of the Duke. He is an elegant young man; and I almost wish I beheld  
him

him in the light I do Davenport, as I have some cause to suspect such sentiments would be grateful to him.

You will, perhaps, say, that derogates from his merit in opposing the Marquis in his views on me; but this is easily obviated, if you recollect that the moment which brought him acquainted with the designs of de Alembert, also produced proofs of my firm attachment to another. But, to proceed with my little romance.

On my entrance into the ball-room, I saw the Duke chatting with Lady Agnes de Aumont. I hastened to them, and we formed a select groupe. The Duke looked at me with a benevolent pity expressed in his eyes, that I should have been at a loss to account for, had not recent circumstances rendered it perfectly intelligible. He asked me to favour him with my hand, which I readily complied with, as I thought  
it



it would be conducive to my wishes of developing the Marquis's sentiments, who soon after entered the room, and filled me with terror at the menacing malignant glances he directed towards the Duke. He joined us, and said something in a threatening tone to my partner, who seemed to disregard it; if a steady composed countenance be an index of serenity within. I wished to ask him, if ought was amiss with the Marquis; but dare not trust my treacherous voice, lest its faltering accents should betray me.

I saw enough, during the evening, to convince me they both adhered to their opinion, which was a source of disquietude to me. Thus, whilst every one was enjoying the most refined pleasure, of bestowing happiness and receiving it, I was a prey to poignant sensations, which prevented me from either contributing, or participating in the general festivity.

I was rallied on my want of spirits, and was obliged to have recourse to that common substitute, the headach, as an excuse. The first favourable opportunity that occurs, I will consult my kind patroness; and, in the interim, guard against her son's invidious snares.

Write to me, Clara! Speak comfort to your Julia! and let me have one of your lively letters, speedily, to dissipate the chagrin that clouds my ideas, and darkens my hopes.

I am ashamed to see what an enormous long epistle I have wrote, filled with discontents and apprehensions. Pardon me, my dear girl, for troubling you with them; but you well know, my love is best displayed in the confidence I repose in you. Adieu!

JULIA SEATON.

LADY EMMA DRAYTON TO MISS RAYMOND.

*London.*

**Y**OU will see the value I set on your kind injunction to write, by the readiness with which I avail myself of it.

I wish, Clara, you had taken Lord Effex to Raymond Castle with you; for he still continues to behave so unlike his former-self, that it is with difficulty I discern his amiable qualifications beneath the mist of oddity, which, at present, obscures them.

How easy and unaffected he used to behave! Mildness, instruction, and entertainment, were blended in his conversation; and every pleasing refinement in his manners! My uncle and him are inseparable, and, consequently, he is much here.



I have ventured to notice the gloom that hangs about him to Lord Craven; as I feared he had experienced some recent calamity, and I should then, so far from condemning him, have pitied, and strove to amuse him. But he laughed at me, and bid me ask of him what was the cause of his melancholy. Sure, my uncle thinks me possessed of an impertinent, curious disposition, or he would not have answered me so.

I was quite abashed at his reply, and was determined to pry no further into his conduct; and, indeed, what business have I? Only as the particular friend of my dear, new-found relative, and an agreeable man, am I interested in his welfare! Perhaps, Lady Selina Clairville!—but what have I to do with it?

My dear Edward is spiritless—and, I am afraid, unhappy! Surely, Clara, he does  
not

not indulge his passion for Lady Julia Seaton! Pray send immediate notice of that charming woman's commencing Marchioness de Alembert, that he may no longer nourish sentiments destructive to his peace.

What will not wealth and honour, those pageants of an hour, effect? Why, my dear girl, my independent six thousands a-year, the vast personal property I am already possessed of, and the positive certainty of as much more, have brought me a legion of lovers. My being great-grandchild to the Duke of Feverham, granddaughter to Lord Castlehaven, and sister to the Earl of Loudon, is another principal cause.

I have no patience with such ridiculous pretenders to my favour! Am I fairer, wiser, or, in any degree, better, for these accidental advantages? I answer, No. I thought as highly of myself, when simply  
Emma

Emma Davenport, without any fortune, or expectation, as I do now. Shall I give you a list of my noble slaves? It will, perhaps, amuse you, and will fill my paper in a more enlivening stile, than my own stupid reflections would. I am indebted to your Craven for discriminating some of their characters.

First. In due submission to superior rank, his Grace of Newark, through the medium of Lord Castlehaven, has opened his credentials in form. He is, what some females stile handsome. Tall, genteel, and tolerably graceful; large, bold, black eyes; white teeth; an invincible assurance; and an immense fortune—which he spends at horse races, gaming-tables, and all the etcetera of vicious folly. Dismissed, without a demur.

The mild, gentle, simpering Earl of Sheffield, with all humility, bends at the  
shrine



shrine of Pluto. He is an amazing pretty little man, with small grey eyes, delicate hands, and accents "soft as feathered snow." His ideas do not extend beyond a well-dressed head, an elegant suit of cloaths, or a sumptuous dinner. Yet he is good-humoured to a degree, and rather diffident of his own merit. Add to which, he has a splendid fortune ; and is extravagant in nothing—but cloaths, perfumes, and table-dainties. I would not distress this meek creature, so I smilingly told him, he did me much honour—but I was not inclined to marry.

Lord Doneraile teased the Earl of Roscoe into compliance with his intreaties, to be introduced to my divinityship. Without the least pretension to beauty or grace, he is vanity epitomized ; and presumes so much on his fancied perfections, that he is unbearable—nor will take a denial, but

flatters himself he shall win me by fulsome compliments, and persevering assiduities. I find but one excuse for his unavailing importunities. He is very poor, and very proud; and wisely imagines my fortune will remedy the first, and uphold the last.

The elegant, noble Earl of Drumlaig, does me the honour to distinguish me. And was I inclined to change my state, I could not form an objection to this agreeable man. He is quite as handsome, as a man ought to be; as sensible as he need be; and as perfectly pleasing as any person can be. His morals irreproachable; his fortune unexceptionable; and his family one of the most honourable amongst the Scotch nobility. Every creature I love, pleads for him; but I have told him, I wish not to part with a name I am so lately entitled to; and that he will oblige me by ceasing to speak as a lover, and consider me only as a friend.

friend. He acquiesces with my wishes ; and I regard him as a valuable acquaintance.

The imperious, disgusting Surrey, invades my peace, by his disagreeable professions ; and thinks he, of all others, ought to be favoured, as he addressed me when ignorant of my real situation. Presuming man ! To suppose that will have weight with me. On the contrary, it rather adds to, than diminishes my dislike to him ; as it is evident he thought he conferred a great honour upon me, by such a procedure.— In vain, I tell him he distresses me by his persecuting spirit, and that he will gratify me by withdrawing his ill-placed regard. He minds me not ; and bids me beware of shewing a preference for any other, as they must sign their passport to my approbation in his blood. Shocking creature ! How I detest him ! If he persist in such unbecoming behaviour, I must complain to Lord Craven ;



Craven: Edward would be too warm on the occasion.

Thus have I given you a detail of my lover's perfections. Am I not an irresistible girl, to have made all these conquests in so short a time?

My grandfather is determined to atone for his former neglect, and is never happy but when Craven, Edward, and I, are with him. I am afraid to ask myself, Whether this would have been the case six months ago, if we had solicited protection, in distressed circumstances? But why should the apprehension of what *might* have been—sour the pleasing satisfaction of what absolutely *is*?

Lady Castlehaven dare not appear displeased, and the sad Caroline seldom appears in our sight. When I think upon what our dear mother experienced, by her wickedness,

wickedness, I am unhappy and dispirited, and cordially despise both mother and daughter; but, when I reflect upon what the dear saint so frequently, and so forcibly endeavoured to inculcate in our tender minds, “rather to *forgive*, than to *resent* injuries; and to *pray* for the *reformation*, “not the *punishment* of our enemies,” my momentary anger dies away; and I strive to emulate her charitable disposition, by pitying them for the tortures which a self-accusing heart must feel!

Lord Castlehaven insists upon my having the fortune my mother was entitled to; Craven does the same—and, it is without redress I complain, I have already more than I can expend.

I must come to Raymond Castle, when my dear Lady Mary will spare me, to consult you how to dispose of my vast income to advantage. I have a scheme in my fertile

tile brain, which as soon as I can model into a regular plan, we will execute. It will furnish us with endless employ, and be a never-failing source of pleasure to us. I know you will approve it.

Say the kindest things for me to Lady Raymond: exert your utmost eloquence; and you will not, then—great as your power in language is—express more grateful sensations than I feel towards her.

EMMA DRAYTON.

MISS



MISS RAYMOND TO LADY EMMA DRAYTON.

*Raymond Castle.*

**Y**OU are a dear, good girl, Emma, for writing me so long a letter; and I would dwell upon the merits of it, had I not momentous news to relate; for the better understanding of which, read the inclosed letters, but let not a syllable transpire of the contents.

On our return from Sir George Colman's last Tuesday evening (where we had spent two days) my maid gave me a note, which a vulgar looking boy had brought for me that morning. I was so astonished at the direction, being in Julia Seaton's handwriting, that I had not power to open it, but ran into my mamma's room, who, much alarmed at seeing me so agitated, sent away her attendant, and enquired the cause.

cause. I gave her the note, without speaking, and was equally surprised and affected at what it contained; which, as it is short, I will transcribe.

“HASTEN, my dear Clara, to  
 “your wretched, distressed Julia! De-  
 “lay not a moment, lest the consequence  
 “should be fatal! You will find me at  
 “good old Nurse Bentley’s; and, by  
 “enquiring for Captain Moyle, will be  
 “instantly admitted to

*Your*

JULIA SEATON.

I was half wild at the perusal of this extraordinary billet; and the more so, as it was now eleven o’clock, a cold, dark night, and my pappa and Charles gone to the assizes at York. What was to be done? My  
 mamma

mamma knew not in what manner I ought to act. The case seemed urgent, and the going two miles, at that late hour, impracticable. The impropriety of taking attendants struck us both; as Julia certainly would have hastened directly to our house, had not some very important reason deterred her. If I summoned up my courage, and went alone, what would the servants think at my going out so late? Thus circumstanced, I was under the necessity of postponing my visit till morning.

It was impossible to rest, under such agitations; and the sun no sooner re-illuminated the horizon, than I hastened to the cottage. I flew over the fields, and was soon at the door; yet did my silly heart tremble so violently, as I approached, that I had scarce power to open it.

The good old woman exclaimed, at the sight of me, " Lord love you, Miss Clary,

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H

" what



“ what has brought you here so early ?”  
 By this, I perceived she knew not the contents of the note. “ I want Captain Moyle  
 “ (replied I) conduct me to him ?”

The poor old creature rubbed her eyes, and stared most earnestly at me, as if to be certain of what I had uttered, and answered not. Impatient to see Julia, I bid her  
 “ make haste, as my business with him  
 “ would not admit of delay. She, then,  
 “ with much seeming consternation at my  
 “ request, told me “ he was sick in bed.”

Not regarding what she thought, I flew into the parlour (where I knew her best bed was set) and found my sweet friend a-sleep. I would not, anxiously as I wished to know the reason of this metamorphosis, awake her—and, therefore, stole softly back into the kitchen, and had nearly overturned Nurse in the passage, who had followed me, on the presumption that I was  
 acting

acting very inconsistently, in going to visit a handsome young man, before he had left his bed-room.

This idea first struck me, when I beheld the old woman's rueful countenance, which brightened up, when I told her it was a female friend of mine, who, for very particular reasons, was thus disguised; and that I must insist upon her secrecy.

I then enquired when, and how the captain came; which information I will give you in her own words. "Why you must know, Miss, I was sat spinning by the fire yesterday morning, when I heard a carriage stop at the door. I run out, thinking it was your ladyship, but instead of that, out whips a young gentleman, all be-dizened wi' gold lace. He looked as white as my cap—and paying some money to the lad that drive the chaise, came into my cottage. I could not

“not speak for surprise, and when he axt  
 “me to let him sit down, he looked so  
 “weak and badly, that I could not help  
 “saying, Aye, and welcome. Well to be  
 “sure, he begun to cry. Now I never  
 “could bear to see a man cry in my life—  
 “so I cried for company. And he pulled  
 “out a golden guinea, and gave me, and  
 “said, he would stay a day or two, if I  
 “had nought to say again it. Yo may be  
 “sure, madam, I was very willing—and  
 “made him some broth, which he ate—  
 “but fighed so heavily, I thought his  
 “heart would break. Well, after that”—

Here, a movement in the parlour broke  
 the thread of Nurse's narrative, and in a  
 moment I clasped my amiable friend in my  
 arms. I was shocked to see her look so ill,  
 and before I would admit of an explana-  
 tion, sent Nurse Bentley to the Castle, with  
 strict orders to see my mamma, and desire  
 her to send me a riding habit, and all its  
 appendages



appendages complete; and not, by any means, to divulge what I had intrusted her with, to the servants.

I then accounted for my seeming neglect, and chatted on indifferent subjects; as I would not suffer the dear girl to recapitulate matters, until she had received proper refreshment. She was soon equipped in her new habiliments, and we proceeded, by gentle paces, home.

She was much fatigued, when we arrived. You will wonder I did not order the carriage, out of consideration to her weak state—but that would have hazarded a discovery to the servants, which we wished to avoid. I can rely upon the Nurse's discretion: she is a pensioner of mine and Julia's; and was overjoyed when she knew whom she had obliged.

H 5

When

When Julia was, in some degree, recovered, I and my mamma were as eager to hear, as she was to relate, the cause of her being in England, alone and unprotected; which, as near as memory will retain, were as follows. Your having her last letters in possession, will render her relation intelligible.

*JULIA'S NARRATION.*

“AFTER my discovery of the Marquis’s intention, I was afraid to stir, lest he should put his cruel purpose in execution. I wished, yet dreaded, to inform my aunt of my well-grounded fears; and my cousin so well sustained the duplicity of his conduct, that had I not known to a positive certainty, that he acted with dissimulation, I should have thought him ardently attached to Louisa.”

“Day

“ Day after day elapsed, and I could not  
“ summon resolution to break the sweet  
“ harmony that prevailed amongst them.  
“ One evening, the weather being very  
“ mild, and the moon risen in full splen-  
“ dour, Louisa and I walked into the gar-  
“ den, leaving my aunt, the Duke, and  
“ Marquis, at ombre. The sweet serenity  
“ of the night, the awful stillness that  
“ reigned, and the fragrance diffused  
“ around, tempted us to prolong our  
“ walk, and we imperceptibly wandered  
“ into the wilderness I have before menti-  
“ oned.”

“ We were very earnest in discourse,  
“ when I fancied I saw something glide  
“ across the walk. I noticed it to my sis-  
“ ter, who rallied my fears, and said, Per-  
“ haps we trod on fairy ground ! I wished  
“ to return, and she complied—when, on a  
“ sudden, four men rushed out of the wil-  
“ derness, and seized us, as instantaneously  
“ they



“ they bound handkerchiefs over our  
 “ mouths, and conveyed us into a carriage,  
 “ into which two of them entered, without  
 “ speaking—and, spite of our struggling,  
 “ held us upon their laps.”

“ The carriage went with the utmost ra-  
 “ pidity for some time, when it stopped—  
 “ and we found ourselves in a wide ex-  
 “ tended place. The men did not behave  
 “ improperly—except in pinioning our  
 “ arms down to prevent us getting the  
 “ handkerchiefs from our mouths.”

“ I was almost stifled, and imagine  
 “ Louisa was the same, when another car-  
 “ riage appeared in view. They then took  
 “ my sister out, and drove off with me.  
 “ While she was with me, my spirits did  
 “ not entirely leave me ; but this new out-  
 “ rage entirely subdued them, and I sunk  
 “ senseless to the bottom of the coach.—  
 “ How long I continued in this state, I  
 “ cannot

" cannot ascertain ; but the first object that  
 " offended my returning senses, was de  
 " Alembert kneeling by the bed-side on  
 " which I lay. I screamed with terror ;  
 " and fearing some advantage had been  
 " taken of my insensibility, my agonies in-  
 " creased to such a degree, that I fell into  
 " violent convulsions."

" For a fortnight my life was in danger.  
 " At the expiration of that time, I grew  
 " better ; and had a faint remembrance of  
 " what I had suffered. An old woman at-  
 " tended me—but all my endeavours could  
 " not make her speak. She brought me  
 " every dainty art could devise, or nature  
 " provide, and I eat sufficient to keep life  
 " in ; as I did not think myself authorised  
 " to destroy what Omnipotence had graci-  
 " ously spared."

" I saw not, heard not, of the wicked  
 " de Alembert ; and I was too closely  
 " guarded

“ guarded to attempt an escape, as I saw  
 “ no one but this wretched old creature,  
 “ who secured the door after her whenever  
 “ she left the room. The windows were  
 “ barred with iron, and looked over a wild  
 “ waste of ground, that terminated not  
 “ as far as my eye could reach.”

“ It is impossible to conceive the misery  
 “ of my situation ! Deprived of society—  
 “ of hope itself—and a prey to fears of still  
 “ greater evils when de Alembert returned  
 “ —as I imagined he was gone to Paris, to  
 “ prevent suspicion, by his appearing there,  
 “ and would bring back his chaplain to  
 “ unite us !”

“ I had no resource amidst the misery  
 “ that surrounded me ! No books to be-  
 “ guile me of the recollection of my situa-  
 “ tion ! I saw no human creature, but my  
 “ Duenna—nor was I indulged with pen  
 “ and ink !”

“ I



" I used to listen attentively, that I might  
 " be so blest as to catch the sound of hu-  
 " man voices ; as it was evident, some per-  
 " son must occasionally supply the woman  
 " with those dainties which she daily of-  
 " fered to my acceptance, and which, for  
 " reasons before mentioned, I did not re-  
 " fuse."

" Every delicate viand, every agreeable  
 " beverage, were procured ; and I began,  
 " by the moderate use of them, to regain  
 " my strength. Recruiting health invigo-  
 " rated my spirits ; and I sometimes thought  
 " I would try to master my attendant by  
 " force. But that I soon rejected, as im-  
 " possible, for though advanced in years,  
 " she was strong and masculine in her ap-  
 " pearance."

" Though not superstitious, I am natu-  
 " rally timid, and I dreaded approaching  
 " darkness ; as I never saw the old woman,  
 " nor

“ nor was permitted to have a candle after  
 “ my supper, which I usually drove taking  
 “ till very late; to prolong the satisfaction  
 “ of seeing what bore the vestige of huma-  
 “ nity !

“ The wind used to terrify me by the  
 “ uncommon noise it made, in having free  
 “ egress to the large, desolate mansion, so  
 “ thinly inhabited. There was not the re-  
 “ semblance of a tree, to shade it from the  
 “ bleak tempests which assailed it on every  
 “ side ; at least not that I could see, though  
 “ I apprehended there must be some direct  
 “ road, by which I was conveyed thither ;  
 “ but, as there were only two windows in  
 “ the room, and I never was suffered to  
 “ leave it, this was merely conjecture.”

“ Thus did I exist for a week after I left  
 “ my bed—and saw no hope of relief !  
 “ When one of those extraordinary acci-  
 “ dents, which human foresight cannot  
 “ prevent

“ prevent, and which it pleases Heaven to  
“ inflict for its own wise purposes, on us  
“ dependant creatures, set me free.”

You must excuse me, Emma; my fingers are cramped. The next post shall conclude this extraordinary relation. Our dear Julia is pretty well recovered—and begs a warm place in your heart.

CLARA RAYMOND.

MISS RAYMOND to LADY EMMA DRAYTON.

*Raymond Castle.*

I Need make no apology for continuing Lady Julia's narrative; for, though you are a very good girl, Emma, you are vastly curious. Witness your anxiety about Essex!



## THE RELATION CONTINUED.

“ I fancied I heard the woman speak to  
“ somebody as she came up stairs one day.  
“ Eager to be convinced, I applied my ear  
“ to the key-hole; and heard her say,  
“ Are you sure the Marquis will be here  
“ to-night? Breathless, with apprehen-  
“ sion, I threw myself back in the chair,  
“ pale, and motionless—but still retaining  
“ my senses. She entered the room, and  
“ seeing me in such a condition, undoubt-  
“ edly thought me dying; for she ran out  
“ again, with an intent—I imagine—to  
“ get something to relieve me; but her  
“ heel caught the edge of the stair, and,  
“ she fell from the top into a stone passage  
“ beneath!”

“ In her fright, or thinking it needless,  
“ she neglected her usual precaution of lock-  
“ ing the door, and I, roused by her fall,  
“ made

“made the most of it, by quitting the  
“place of my confinement immediately.”

“I was much shocked at the miserable  
“object, which encountered my eyes at  
“the bottom; and equally terrified, for,  
“deluged in blood, and to all appearance  
“dead, lay the poor old creature!—whom  
“I now ceased to detest; and considered  
“her only as the unhappy victim of ano-  
“ther’s passions, and her own poverty!”

“Much as I wished to get away, my  
“blood curdled at the thoughts of leaving  
“her to die, without giving her a possible  
“chance of life, by administering assist-  
“ance! It appeared the very height of  
“barbarism; as I doubted not but her hu-  
“manity being alarmed for me, had caused  
“the precipitation which occasioned so de-  
“plorable an end!”

“I

“ I was distracted—and knew not how  
 “ either to fly or stay ! If the former,  
 “ where was I to direct my course ? And,  
 “ could I absolutely save a fellow-creature’s  
 “ life, by doing the contrary, ought I not  
 “ to hazard my own safety, by trying to  
 “ effect it ? ”

“ Reduced to this cruel dilemma, I at-  
 “ tempted to raise the bleeding object from  
 “ the ground ; but my fears, added to my  
 “ weakness, rendered it ineffectual. In  
 “ the anguish of my soul, I screamed a-  
 “ loud, whilst the sound of my own shrill  
 “ voice, re-echoed through the large empty  
 “ rooms, and filled me with terror and  
 “ amazement ! ”

“ A door turning harshly upon its hin-  
 “ ges, awakened my attention, and I flew  
 “ to see what opened it—for the first time,  
 “ recollecting, that it must be the person  
 “ who



“ who communicated the information that  
 “ so much distressed me.”

“ A little meagre looking boy entered,  
 “ who seemed as frightened as myself. I  
 “ gained courage at the sight of so weak an  
 “ opponent, and called to him, in a gentle  
 “ voice, to come forward. Re-assured by  
 “ my manner, he advanced—but was  
 “ hastily retreating at the shocking object  
 “ he beheld.”

“ I told him how it happened ; and asked  
 “ him who he belonged to ? And whose  
 “ house it was we were in ? With some  
 “ difficulty, I understood him (for the lan-  
 “ guage of the French peasants is as diffe-  
 “ rent as possible to that talked in Paris)  
 “ it was the Marquis de St. Aulay’s ; and  
 “ that he was son to one of the Marquis’s  
 “ grooms, who came every day with pro-  
 “ vision to the castle ; but that being sick,  
 “ he had sent him with some poultry—and

“to tell the old housekeeper, the Marquis  
“de Alembert was to be there at night.”

The boy seemed so very ignorant, that  
“I no longer hesitated how to act; but bid  
“him prepare to return. I went up stairs,  
“and paid my fervent adorations to the  
“all-seeing Judge of heaven and earth,  
“who had thus graciously opened the  
“gates of deliverance to me. I then forced  
“the lock of a large box, that stood in the  
“closet of my prison-room (which being  
“old easily gave way) in hopes of finding  
“something to disguise myself in; nor  
“were I deceived, several suits of men’s  
“cloaths lay in it, and an old hat hung  
“upon a peg. With these I equipped my-  
“self, and throwing over me an old fur-  
“tout, was soon ready to depart.”

“But first we examined if life remained  
“in my poor ill-fated attendant. I flat-  
“tered myself she breathed. Animated by  
“this.

" this gleam of returning life, I poured a  
 " cordial down her throat, and, assisted by  
 " the boy, laid her upon an old couch,  
 " which stood in the kitchen; and, after  
 " binding a towel round her head, to stop  
 " the effusion of blood, left her to the care  
 " of a watchful Providence."

" The boy had a small light cart, in  
 " which he brought the provisions—and  
 " which soon took us out of sight of the  
 " gloomy habitation of despair. I had  
 " about sixty *Louis d'ors* in my purse when  
 " I was spirited away, which had unmo-  
 " lested remained there. This resource,  
 " with my watch, and two valuable rings,  
 " I thought would serve me till I reached  
 " Paris. My greatest cause of fear was, lest  
 " the Marquis should meet us on the road."

" We had now got on the turnpike, and  
 " the boy told me, that on the left led to  
 " Rouen—where the other went to he could  
 " not



“not tell, he thought it was the high road  
 “to Paris; but that he must go straight  
 “forward to his master’s. I soon deter-  
 “mined how to act. A couple of *Louis*  
 “*d’ors* (probably what he had never seen  
 “before) dazzled the boy’s eyes; and he  
 “consented to carry me a few miles fur-  
 “ther. This I did, to prevent his making  
 “a discovery too soon.”

“He set me down within sight of a  
 “town; and I charged him to send some-  
 “body immediately to the castle, to see  
 “the housekeeper. I considered, by going  
 “to Paris, I might probably meet the  
 “man I wished so much to avoid; and by  
 “going to Rouen, I should soon meet  
 “with a conveyance to Havre de Grace,  
 “and from thence to England, imagining  
 “that would be my best asylum.”

“I entered the first inn I came to, and  
 “ordered a carriage; but, previous to my  
 “setting

“ setting off, I purchased some cloaths—  
 “ and then found I wanted some shirts ; an  
 “ inconvenience I did not perceive before.  
 “ I also got my hair dressed in conformity  
 “ to my masculine garb ; and, unhappy as  
 “ I was at being necessitated to robe myself  
 “ so inconsistently, I could not help smiling  
 “ at the pert, consequential look, I assumed.  
 “ The greatest difficulty I experienced in  
 “ dressing was, putting on my sword. I  
 “ buckled it so awkwardly, that once or  
 “ twice it nearly threw me down. Prac-  
 “ tice soon remedied this deficiency—and  
 “ I strutted a perfect cavalier.”

“ Without any impediment, or distress,  
 “ but what arose from my unsettled state  
 “ of mind, I took the packet from Calais  
 “ to Dover. From thence, I posted to  
 “ London, in perfect assurance I should  
 “ find you there ; but, on enquiry, was  
 “ informed to the contrary. I had intended  
 “ to change my appearance ; as I considered  
 “ how

“how improper it would be, to visit Raymond Castle in such a disguise; had not an extraordinary circumstance prevented me.”

“When at Rouen, I had put a letter in-  
 “to the post-office, addressed to my aunt,  
 “giving a concise account of my treatment, and escape, and my intention of  
 “taking refuge with my honoured Lady Raymond. I was looking out of the  
 “window of the Golden Cross, Charing-  
 “Cross, when I was petrified, at seeing  
 “the Marquis de Alembert’s valet cross  
 “the street. I could not be deceived, he  
 “was an inmate at my aunt’s; his name  
 “Duval, and much attached to his master.”

“It instantly occurred to me, that the  
 “Marquis had traced me to Rouen, and,  
 “by enquiries, had learned in what manner I had proceeded. Probably had got  
 “possession



“possession of my letter, and pursued me  
“to England.”

“No sooner was Duval out of sight, then  
“I threw myself into a chaise, and made  
“the best of my way to this dear mansion.  
“But judging it proper to appear in a fe-  
“minine character, and yet dreading a  
“pursuit, I stopped at Nurse Bentley’s,  
“whom I knew to be a worthy woman;  
“and by a note, which I prevailed on a  
“youth to carry, apprised you of my be-  
“ing so near.”

“The fatigue I had undergone, and the  
“fears I laboured under, made me really  
“sick; and I intended, if you had not  
“made your appearance as you did, to  
“have braved the shame of being seen in  
“mens cloaths, and thrown myself into  
“your arms for protection.”

Here

Here the sweet sufferer ended her little detail. We congratulated her, and ourselves, on the fortunate escape she had effected from such a monster as de Alembert; and all joined in admiring the "ways of heaven as dark and intricate, puzzled with mazes," far beyond our finite conceptions to unravel.

Excuse the digression, Emma; but I cannot help noticing, that I neither comprehend, nor like, the words which follow those I have quoted from my favourite ADDISON, namely, "and perplex'd with error." Is it possible he could mean so? Surely I mistake the sense of them. For so learned, so just, and exalted a character, could not doubt the consistency of that Being, who brought all things into existence, and still sustains the whole in harmony and order. But this is a subject I am not qualified to discuss, and will therefore dismiss it.

We

We are none of us able to account for the long absence of the Marquis; unless the duplicity he practised to prevent suspicion, was still kept up. Julia is very anxious about the old housekeeper, as she considers herself an innocent accessory to her misfortune. We live quite retired, as she is not recovered thoroughly of her indisposition. She has again wrote to the Marchioness, as she apprehends her last was stopped.

Come, my dear Emma, and let me have the satisfaction of introducing the two girls I love so well, to each other's acquaintance. Bring Loudon with you. Craven we daily expect; and if Essex have found his rational senses again, I do not see why he may not be of the party; but, perhaps, his oddities have given you a distaste to him, and you had rather he did not! Let me see you, and I will leave the rest to act as they please.

CLARA RAYMOND.



LORD GRAVEN TO LORD ESSEX.

*Raymond Castle.*

**Y**OU deserve punishing, Charles, for your unaccountable caprice. Do you think it probable, that Emma Drayton, with her person, accomplishments, and delicacy, should drop you a low courtesy, and tell you, with all humility, that her hand and fortune are at your disposal.

I love you, my friend, with the truest sincerity, and I pity your false delicacy; which, I am persuaded, is the only bar to your happiness. I have told you Emma esteems you; but she would sink in my regard, were she capable of letting her weakness transgress the rules of refinement so far, as to let you perceive the advantage you have gained. Nay, I do believe she is herself ignorant of the motives which induce

induce her to pity what you *are*, in opposing it to what you *was*.

Highly as I prize your friendship, and ardently as I wish for the ties of kindred to strengthen it, of this you may rest assured, that Emma Drayton shall never demean herself to take the first step towards an alliance with a man (though that man be Essex) whose pride overcomes his tender sensations so far, as to stand between him and the most amiable creature breathing.

I have nothing more to say upon this topic—only, that Drumlaig has a seat in this neighbourhood; and if, by his agreeable assiduities, he should erase the hardly-formed partiality she entertains for you, he, of all men next to Essex, would have my approbation, as most deserving so valuable a prize as my niece. But I grow serious, I must call in auxiliary aids to enliven my epistle.

You

You have been told of Edward's partiality towards Julia Seaton. By an odd concurrence of circumstances, she is now at Raymond Castle, and free from her engagements to de Alembert—the particulars of which I will relate when I see you. Emma knew of it, but had been desired by my lively Clara, to bury the information in secrecy.

When we arrived, Lady Julia was not present; and Clara begged of Loudon "that he would suffer her to bandage his eyes, for she knew his heart was so soft and penetrable, that she feared he would suffer much inconvenience from the sight of a very beautiful girl, who was on a visit to her." He replied, in a rallying tone, "that he could resist mere beauty; but hoped she was not witty likewise."

We were busy admiring some additional shell-work in the grotto, when the three  
graces



graces entered. We turned to receive them. Give me leave to present the Earl of Loudon to Lady Julia Seaton.

Mutually astonished, and pleased, they both stood silent; while my mischief-loving charmer, archly said, "Aye, I knew how it would be—you should have taken my advice, Loudon. But what ails you, Julia? You, perhaps, are surprised that a peer of the realm should be so stupid as to let a lady be introduced to him without deigning to pay his compliments to her. Never mind, love, it is no new thing to forget old acquaintance in these degenerate days."

They both, by this time, recovered their ferocity sufficiently to apologise to each other; and laid the blame on Miss Raymond, in not apprising them of the matter. Spite of their endeavours to conceal it, joy

King danced

danced in their intelligent eyes, and animated their conversation.

My nephew is delighted to find the charming woman he adores in England; and, from some hints that have transpired, not likely to return to Paris. From this, he flatters himself something has happened to prevent the long-intended union; and Lady Julia's smiles effectually convince him it is nothing that disturbs her peace. This makes the dear boy in better spirits than I have ever seen him, and renders him more pleasing to Julia; who has (or I am much mistaken) a partiality for him—which, her being affianced to the Marquis, made it almost criminal to indulge; and, for the same reason, Edward repressed the glowing sensations of love in his bosom, lest he should offend her he so much respected.

My dear girl consents to become Lady Craven, this day fortnight; and I anticipate

pate the happiness I shall experience in calling her mine. We never were rapturous lovers; and modestly expect only rational happiness in the wedded state. Clara's vivacity, will prevent my natural serious temper, from descending into stupid gravity; whilst my sentimental cast, will correct her exuberance of spirits.

Had Miss Raymond less good sense, or a less amiable disposition, I should, I honestly confess, be afraid of her lively turn creating disagreements between us; but her satire is never ill-natured, or misapplied; nor does her vivacious deportment and conversation, ever degenerate into levity, or authorize impertinent freedoms.

I never thought Clara handsome; nor did her behaviour give me cause to think she expected I should tell her so. I used, in the infancy of our attachment, to be jealous and discontented at the display of her



her sprightly humour, which was, I thought too often exerted at my expence. She laughed at my inquietude, whilst I confined it within myself; but if, distracted at her indifference, I presumed to remonstrate—and, sometimes, forgot myself so far, as to exceed the bounds of respect, most severely, and justly, did the dear girl punish me. Her raillery was changed into ceremonious speeches, and her smiles into a fixed solemnity of countenance.

Mortified and distressed, I would then have given worlds to have seen her eyes beam with pleasure, and her face decked with good-humour. Her condescension always followed my submission; yet was I so infatuated, as frequently to create my own misery, by fancied apprehensions, and vain fears.

The last *fracas* we had (which was just before I went to Paris) was occasioned by  
her

her giving her hand to Lord Merton, in preference to me, at a ball given by Sir Charles Wilmot; and treating him, in my silly opinion, with too much distinction. Stung by her behaviour, and irritated at the seeming neglect, I accused her of coquetry, and vowed I would not be duped by her. She heard me without emotion; and rising, with a becoming dignity, told me, "When I had learned how to estimate her company sufficiently to treat her with respect, I might, perhaps, be honoured with it again. Till then, my absence from Raymond Castle, would be grateful to her!" So saying, she left the room.

I need not repeat how I felt. My folly and inconsistency appeared forcibly to my view. What business had I to assume the prerogative of prescribing measures for her conduct, which was such as laid claim to every person's approbation? Relying on  
her

her goodness, I wrote a supplicating letter, which she deigned not to read.

Terrified at her resentment, I flew to Lady Raymond; stated the case; and begged her interference. Kind and benevolent, she complied, and brought my Clara to receive my apologies. I threw myself at her feet, and was beginning to plead, when, with that irresistible smile which made me first her captive, she extended her hand, and raising me, said, "Why will you be so silly, Craven? Will you never learn to know me? I have accepted your addresses; I have not objected to your wishes of calling me yours; I permit you to attend me as a declared lover—and yet you dare to doubt me! Learn to think justly of the woman you hold worthy to be Lady Craven; and never, from this moment, dispute my acting with propriety."



I learnt wisdom from her gentle reproof, and now rejoice to see her display those captivating talents, which, from mistaking the source they were derived from, had nearly deprived me of happiness. But this is an inexhaustible theme, and, more than probable, I have verbally repeated to you what I now write.

Come and witness my felicity—and add to it by casting off the melancholy gloom that at present envelopes you.

CRAVEN.

LADY EMMA DRAYTON TO LADY MONTGOMERY.

*Raymond Castle.*

WITH an heart beating with every grateful sensation, I address the  
highly

highly honoured soother of Lady Loudon's distresses, and the protector of youth and inexperience, in the guardianship of her children.

The obligations I owe to you, my dear lady, both on my own account, and for those I best loved, "beggars eloquence" to acknowledge as they deserve. But it is arrogance in me, to suppose such a mind as Lady Mary Montgomery is possessed of, can be gratified by a repetition of her own good actions. The satisfaction which results from the experience of benevolence, will ever be the most refined and pleasing sensation, a noble mind can enjoy. What our immortal SHAKSPERE says of Mercy, may, with propriety, be applied to Charity, which "is doubly bless'd; it blesses they "who give, and they who do receive."

But you will chide me for breaking your behest, in mentioning what your kindness wishes

wishes to bury in oblivion. I will not, therefore, offend, as my weak pen is incapable of doing justice to my feelings, and will only sink a subject that soars above the common events of life.

I find Lady Julia superior to my raised conceptions of her; which is very rarely the case, when such exalted encomiums have been passed. To say she is beautiful, is to say no more than a thousand people are entitled to. Blend, in imagination, every pleasing feature; each distinguished virtue; and the most rational sentiments—refined by delicacy of manners, and you will see Julia Seaton in the same light I do,

How it would rejoice you, my dear madam, to see our Edward united to this adorable girl! His long-smothered flame, now re-illuminated, gives him great advantage in his amiable mistress's opinion; who, above the little finesses of too many fe-



males, candidly acknowledges her esteem for him—and that the approbation of the Duke of Rochester, and Lady de Alembert, shall confirm it.

To-morrow gives me a double interest in Miss Raymond. As the wife of my mother's brother, she will be intitled to an additional share of my love. She is all spirits on the occasion; nothing can damp the charming flow of them. I admire her for it; and yet should be very different myself. It is so important an engagement, that I should tremble at my chance for happiness; but I shall not marry: I will be your darling still, and soothe the inconveniences of advancing years.

Lord Drumlaig is very agreeable, but will never be my choice. Do not accuse your pet of caprice? I have not, perhaps, seen the man I could love; or, to be more candid,

candid, perhaps that man has not seen me ; at least, not with partiality.

You was surprised at Edward and me, for the eagerness we expressed to quit Lord Roscoe's ; but, my dear madam, you will pardon our reciprocal sentiments : for we both experienced disagreeable sensations, on his account. In remembering we owe our birth to Emma Melcombe, we cannot forget our regretted father lost his life by Lord Roscoe's hand !

This may be an unjustifiable resentment ; but we never could cordially esteem him, since we were acquainted with this circumstance. Still we respect Lord Roscoe's character and conduct, and would not wound his feelings by such a declaration. To you, only, do I confide these sentiments, fearful lest you should attribute our conduct to a wrong cause.

Clara

Clara insists upon having no parade ; and Craven, who thinks whatever she says is “ wisest, discreetest, virtuousest, and best,” readily submits. He wished to go to Craven Abbey ; but she will stay here a month, that pappa and mamma may see what a good wife she makes.

Lord Effex was expected—but is not come. There is somewhat very singular in that young nobleman’s conduct. Charles Raymond sets off for Italy next week. I am not sorry. He teazes me with professions of regard which distress me—as I cannot return them, and am not ill-natured enough to enjoy his unhappiness.

The Duke of Surrey is very disgusting. He has taken the liberty to write to me, since I have been here. I have returned his letter unopened ; and have no doubt of your coinciding with me in my sentiments  
for



for him, which are such as create a marked and settled contempt.

A few weeks will again re-unite me to you, my best, my dearest friend; and I hope, in the sweet retirement of Belvoir Lodge, to contribute to your happiness: as you have ever done to mine. Tell my good Brudenell, I do not, nor ever shall forget, what I owe her. Lady Roscoe will accept my respects; and you, my honoured benefactress, are in possession of my grateful, best affections.

EMMA DRAYTON.

Ls

LADY

LADY MARY MONTGOMERY TO LADY EMMA  
DRAYTON.

*London.*

**I** Have so long been used to consider your company as my greatest earthly felicity ; that I am selfish enough to regard the loss of it, though, at the same time conscious, your days must be more agreeably spent, than when confined to the moralizing dulness of old age.

You are a flatterer, my Emma, and wish to persuade me I am dear to you ; but excuse me, if I think gratitude prompts you to pay me compliments which I do not merit. We will, however, wave a subject which is almost the only one on which we disagree ; as you think the obligations you owe me are beyond your power to return—whilst I, on the contrary, know myself  
highly

highly indebted to you, for awakening a thousand soft sensations in my heart.

I never was a mother myself, and the loss of an indulgent parent, and a dear, tenderly-regretted husband, had almost deadened my feelings to the common concerns of life—when a pleasing, fortunate curiosity, excited by the exemplary conduct of your mother, once more interested me in the happiness of individuals.

These sensations were strengthened by a knowledge of Lady Loudon's misfortunes, and a commiseration for the untoward fate of two amiable children, who, born to partake of every advantage which could be derived from high birth, were condemned to participate in the woes of an unfortunate parent. The endearing prattle of infancy, and the innocent vivacity of tender years, soon rendered you and Edward the little darlings of my fondest wishes.

Naturally



Naturally susceptible of tender emotions, I rejoiced to feel myself regaining those sweet sensations, which had almost been obliterated by losing what I most valued. Ripening years increased my satisfactions; as you both bid fair to repay, by your accomplishments and conduct, the pains that had been bestowed in the cultivation of your manners and principles.

Your amiable mother was released from temporal vexations, and you were rendered still dearer to me, from the dissolution of those ties of affection which bound me to her. But why do I say *dissolved*? They acquired *new* force, from the recollection that I was now the *sole* protector of your inexperienced youth!

Thus, my dear girl, have I endeavoured to convince you, that our obligations are mutual; and beg you will no longer pain me by your overpowering effusions of gratitude.

titude. Consider me as a tender parent ; and I shall ever receive you as an affectionate child.

You say you shall never marry. I hope it is not the result of an hopeless passion, that occasions such a declaration ! Put confidence in me, Emma ; be assured, I will not disapprove—as I am certain, Emma Drayton will never nourish a regard for an unworthy object.

Were you disposed to marry, and unattached, I do not know a man more deserving than Lord Drumlaig. But you have given him no hopes—and I wish not to influence you.

If you prefer a state of “single blessedness,” I know no reason why you should not please yourself. Perhaps your possessing such a large, independent fortune, may make the majority of your friends think it

an incumbent duty for you to marry. I do not see it in that light. You have a more certain, though rather more confined, chance for happiness, in a single, than a married state.

I am no advocate for young people rushing inconsiderately into the most solemn of all engagements; which too many do, merely for the opportunity of figuring as the mistress of an elegant house, or a noble title. But some have still less defensible reasons for forming the indissoluble ties of matrimony—to get rid of the (falsely) opprobrious title of *Old Maid*.

No such motive will ever urge my Emma to change her name. Not that I wish to dissuade her from marrying, were she so disposed. I mean only to explain that a life of single comfort, must be infinitely preferable to a married one; entered into with indifference, and soured by disappointment.



ment, in not finding that felicity which is expected; though, certainly, on slight foundation—as reciprocal affection, correspondent ideas, and similar dispositions, can alone insure conjugal happiness. And even then, Emma, how precarious are temporal blessings! Connections formed on the most rational plan, and supported by every pleasing prospect, are oft, in a moment, enveloped in misery, and shadowed by despair! In the midst of fancied security, and smiling expectations, how frequently is the sweet harmony of connubial friendship broken, by the rapid, resistless hand of Death! The soft, endearing bonds of mutual love, forcibly rent asunder, and the names of husband and wife, parent and child, no longer strike pleasingly respondent on the heart! Grief for the loss of blessings, once so dear, imbitters the passing moments; and the comparative view of what they were, adds poignancy to their feelings!—But I will no longer dwell upon

upon a theme which too nearly affects me. May my dear Emma never experience such heart-rending afflictions !

My good wishes attend Lord and Lady Craven. Bright and unclouded may their future days arise ; and no intervening mist obscure their present prospects ! My Edward, too—I rejoice in his expectations. How refined the satisfaction he must feel, in having corrected his passions, when the indulgence of them might have laid a lasting foundation for misery !

The Marchioness de Alembert would have resented the estrangement of Julia's duty. The Duke of Rochester would not have admitted her partiality for Edward (unknown, and unendowed as he was then) as a sufficient plea to authorise the dissolving an alliance, so long intended ; and the boisterous, proud Marquis would, possibly have sacrificed his rival, to appease his  
jealous

jealous passions. I tremble at the retrospect, and love Loudon infinitely more for the triumph he gained over himself.

Tell Edward, I am pleased with his unostentatious marks of gratitude to Mr. Clayton; and the good man himself feels the obligation more forcibly, from the manner in which it was conferred, than from the intrinsic value of the gift, great as it is.

You do me justice, in supposing I approve your behaviour to his Grace of Surrey. I should have been miserable, had you (allured by his very specious appearance) allowed of his addresses.

One of the most pleasing reflections I enjoy, is, that you, my best love, know how to respect Virtue, though sunk below its merit; and despise Vice, though exalted to dignity, and decorated with the gaudy trappings of state.



I cannot blame your sentiments, relative to Lord Roscoe : they are natural sensations ; and, I can only regret that so worthy a character, and one so much attached to you, as my cousin, should create them. Your prudence in concealing your feelings from Lord and Lady Roscoe, is equal to your candour in confessing them to me. On my account, you will not refuse to keep up the civil intercourses of modern society : more will not be expected. Edward will be less confined in that matter than yourself ; as a man's connections are more extensive, and they have more liberty to adopt them to their taste.

If you adhere to your kind promise of being an inmate at Belvoir Lodge, you will sometimes see them ; but no oftener than you can with ease to yourself. I am not afraid to acknowledge that your opinion and mine ever coincide. Deserved commendations can never be ill-bestowed, or have

have a wrong effect on a noble mind; and I do not fear that receiving praise will ever render you less worthy of it.

The good Brudenell is gone to prepare your brother's seat in Gloucestershire for his reception. I am quite amazed to see what a long letter I have wrote. My Emma will excuse the proverbial failing of age, and consider it as a proof of the love I bear to her.

MARY MONTGOMERY.

LADY

LADY EMMA DRAYTON TO LADY MARY  
MONTGOMERY.

*Raymond Castle.*

HOW much I am indebted to you, dear madam, for your flattering epistle! I almost find it difficult to guard against the innovations of vanity, at being so highly commended and loved by you; but, as that would destroy your partiality, I must keep a strict watch over my sentiments, and endeavour to exclude the intruder, by recollecting it is your wish to see me amiable—not my being so now, that occasions the praise, which is doubly grateful to me, on account of its coming from so dear, so respectable a lady. But I have rare, uncommon news to relate—and must not dwell upon so insignificant a topic as my own deservings.

Lady



Lady Julia has received a letter from her sister ; the purport of which is, to acquaint her of the death of the Marquis, and interesting particulars relative to it. Julia gives me leave to inclose it for your perusal. I need not, therefore, recapitulate the circumstances.

LADY LOUISA TO LADY JULIA SEATON.

*Paris.*

**M**Y dear sister is, undoubtedly, surpris'd, at her friends on this side the water, so long neglecting to congratulate her on an escape from what was, in *her* idea, the greatest of all moral evils—a marriage with the Marquis de Alembert !

How different are our opinions concerning happiness ! To have been the soother of his cares—the partner of his sorrows—and the wife of his affection, was the sum-

mit of my wishes ! Vain, delusive hopes !  
Sad, unavailing wishes !

The object of your fears, and my fond regard, is alike indifferent to both ! Let his failings be forgot, and his virtues alone be recorded. The young and graceful de Alembert—is no more !

Pity me, my Julia, and let the traces of my tears put away your resentment ! Adversity softens the heart, and mine upbraids me with former unkindness to my sister—but I loved, ardently, hopelessly loved ; and your superior graces robbed me of the only prize I wished to gain ! This contracted my sentiments—and I blush to acknowledge, that every tender sensation for you was lost in the agitations of disappointed hopes, and unrequited passion !

Those conflicts are now over—and yet I am doomed to misery ! But I meant not  
to

to trouble you with an account of “tears  
 “shed o’er an object lov’d and lost”—but  
 to tell you, that my cousin fell a victim to  
 his designs on you.—But, before I enter on  
 a subject which awakens the most agoniz-  
 ing thoughts in my bosom, let me intreat  
 —as the joint and earnest request of your  
 father, aunt, and sister—that you will re-  
 turn to Paris, and speak comfort to our  
 sorrows!—I must recollect myself, and  
 will then proceed.

The night on which we were forced  
 away, was the era from which I date my  
 misery. We had no sooner quitted the  
 room, to indulge in the sweet solitude of  
 evening, than the dear perfidious rung for  
 his servant Duval, and, in the presence of  
 my father and aunt, asked, “if he had ex-  
 “ecuted his commands?” He answered  
 in the affirmative, and was ordered to com-  
 plete them.

As



As this passed without any emotion, it was not noticed; nor was it extraordinary enough to occasion any comments. He soon grew very inattentive to his cards, and they rallied him on it, as paying them an ill compliment, and vowed he should suffer for it, by being constrained to play till we returned. Thus did they innocently contribute to forward his designs. As de Alembert's agitations increased, so did their mirth; and my return, disordered and half-dead with terror, was the first information they received of the violence we had suffered.

The rapidity with which we travelled, did not engross sufficient time to render our absence suspected, as the effect of any cause but the delightful serenity of the night, tempting our stay.

Amazed, and grieved at my relation, my father, the Marquis, and servants, instantly

stantly took different roads, to trace the ruffians. It was under the pretence of searching for you, that my cousin evaded any suspicion, on our part; and found means to see you at the Castle de St. Aulay. He returned, and we were miserable, from our uncertainty of your fate.

Advertisements were issued, large rewards offered, and every method taken, without success. We wrote to Miss Raymond, and waited impatiently for an answer; but were not likely to receive one, as the letter was intercepted, as also the first you wrote to us.

The time had now elapsed, which you spent in sorrow and confinement; and which we employed in fruitless enquiries, and unavailing regrets; and I am distressed to add, de Alembert continued his dissimulation. His attention to me, alleviated, in part, the affliction I experienced on your account.

The

The day preceding your escape, the Marquis received a letter which appeared to disturb him. Too much interested, to let the least change of features pass unobserved, I eagerly enquired the cause. He evaded my question; but my aunt enforcing it, "he acknowledged it proceeded from the contents of a letter, which was to remind him of an engagement he had made to visit the Marquis de St. Aulay, at his villa, near Rouen in Picardy; and that his apparent concern, proceeded from his obligation to comply with it."

Thus did he, without materially deviating from the truth of his design, impose a falsehood upon us; as the letter was, in reality, from the young Duke de Henrie, charging him with having carried you off, and insisting upon an explanation.

Impelled



Impelled by fear, lest the Duke should discover, and release you, he avoided answering him; and, taking Duval and his chaplain, hasten to form those indissoluble bonds, which even the Duke's zeal, your affliction, nor our resentment, could break.

When they arrived in Picardy, St. Aulay was absent; an express having fetched him to Versailles, where the court was. Nobody had given much attention to the poor boy's account; they, therefore, did not trouble de Alembert with it.

Imagination cannot do justice to their astonishment, on entering the "mansion of terror!" The housekeeper extended on the floor—pale, bloody, and motionless! Thrown there by her efforts to rise, after being in some degree recovered from her weakness, by the reviving cordial you had given her. Petrified with affright, the leading idea was, that you had shared the  
same

same fate. On searching the house, they were still more bewildered; and they endeavoured to recover the woman, as the only mean to gain information.

The methods they took were effectual. A violent contusion on the side of her head, and the loss of blood, having occasioned her long insensibility. From her they learnt, that seeing you in such a deadly condition, struck her with a terror that deprived her of all precaution; and the consequence was, her fall: as to the rest, she was entirely ignorant.

They then conjectured the boy must have furnished the means of your flight.— This was confirmed: and at Rouen they searched so narrowly, that they found the very cloaths you went off in, and obtained your letter from the post-house. From thence they followed—but you had luckily embarked.

Mad

Mad with disappointment, my poor de Alembert left Duval to proceed by the next packet to England ; and there, by any means, to secure you till he arrived, which would be as soon as he could go to his banker's, and return.

During this interval, grief and despair were the portion of Lady de Alembert and myself ; for, going by accident into the Marquis's dressing-room, my aunt found the Duke de Henrie's challenge.

Instantaneously the truth took possession of our favourable opinion ; and the duplicity and deceit of my cousin alone occupied our thoughts. Late as it was, we set off for Paris ; and, sending for the Duke de Henrie, were confirmed in our fears.

Early the next morning, we pursued the mistaken, though still beloved culprit.—  
At the castle we learnt what has been re-



corded; and followed, with all speed, to Rouen. When we got there, the Marquis was returned to Paris. Fatigued with our journey, and apprehending no evil consequence, we yielded to our necessities, and staid all night. Cruel delay of exhausted Nature! That night's repose robbed me of every future felicity!

Still hoping to lull us into security, the deceiver went to his Chateau. Alarmed at the manner in which we had quitted it, he went to Paris. From minute enquiries of your deceitful servant, he heard of our conference with de Henrie, and our immediate journey in consequence.

Self-convicted, and irritated by disappointment, he sought his friend, and charged him with acting dishonourably! High words ensued. Rash and vindictive, the Marquis would hear no vindication. De Henrie was constrained to defend himself.

Let

Let me draw a veil over the rest! Suffice it to say, that day week consigned de Alembert, and his faults, to the silent horrors of a tomb!

My dear Julia, injure not his memory, by unkind reflections of what he was! He died to extenuate his follies; and regretted the commission of those errors which had so dreadful a conclusion! Remember what he is, and bury in oblivion the failings which were the result of uncorrected passions, and false principles!

Agonizing reflection, and acute sorrow, prevented me from offering consolation to my aunt, or deriving it from her! Conceive her heart-breaking trial! An only, a beloved son, "cut off even in the bloom of his sin!" His character a mark for calumny to point at! His name extinct! His ripening honours blasted! It was too much to be supported! With noble

ble magnanimity she bore up, while life nourished hope, that she might not add poignancy to the agonies of death.

Too much depressed, by seeing all my happiness entombed; all my flattering prospects vanished, I sunk into a debility of mind and body, from which I am hardly recovered! The Marchioness is overwhelmed with silent, majestic sorrow; and my father, alone, capable of acting as he ought.

We received your second letter, which, by painting your sufferings, added to ours. This prevented my father from sending for you; as he feared your presence would more strongly point our woes—without conveying any but painful sensations to your affectionate heart.

We now intreat your company. You will not need any other inducement, than  
knowing



Knowing it will blunt the keen dart of devouring grief. Come prepared to pity and admire my aunt; to soothe and bless the Duke; and to love and forgive me!

The death of him, for whom I should have thought no sacrifice too great, by shewing me the mutability of sublunary things, and the weak dependancies of human happiness, has taught me to know myself; and though "joy, with all its smiling train be fled," and clustering woes usurped their place, I flatter myself I shall be better, for being chastened with the sharp rod of affliction! Hasten, then, my Julia, to witness the sincerity with which I subscribe myself

*Your affectionate, unhappy*

LOUISA SEATON.

N 5

ARE

ARE you not affected at poor Louisa's repentant letter ! Alas ! my dear madam, how severe are the reproaches of our own hearts ! And how refined a chastener is the rude hand of adversity ! The poor Marchioness ! What must her exalted mind feel, at her son's deviation from rectitude !

The resemblance which this, in some degree, bears to my dear mother's misfortunes, awakens my sensibility, and I weep at the recollection of what she suffered. It is a subject, my honoured Lady Mary, which I endeavour to forbear dwelling upon ; as my resentment too often absorbs those charitable sentiments which we ought to cultivate towards each other—and, when I suffer imagination to take the reins, I hate every individual that contributed to her misery ! I know this is reprehensible ; I am conscious I deserve chiding : but, we cannot always command our thoughts ;  
even

even if we know they are repugnant to the enlightened precepts of Christianity, or the moral duties of humanity.

In compliance with the affecting intreaties of Louisa, Julia is preparing to return to Paris. Lord and Lady Craven accompany her. Lord Loudon is likewise permitted to attend them; and your Emma will meet you whenever you wish, at Belvoir Lodge.

Lord and Lady Castlehaven are here, and it is with difficulty I can excuse myself from accompanying them to their seat to comfort them—as they are pleased to express it—for the loss of Craven, Clara, and Edward. My grandpappa is displeased; Craven surprised; and Lady Castlehaven offended. But I brave it all, and plead my promise to attend you.

Design frequently overshoots its mark, and thereby defeats the purpose it is meant

to



to effect. Her ladyship, I am certain, does not love me: her being so strenuous to have me with her, is, consequently, very disgusting. On his lordship's asking me to take my residence with them, I alledged my intention of staying with you. Lady Castlehaven drew up, and said, " Lady Mary Montgomery had been so long favoured with my company, that she ought to spare me to those friends who were more entitled to it, from the claims of consanguinity—and who were disposed to value it as *highly*!"

I could not restrain my flippanant tongue—but replied, " That having so long lived in your house, as the asylum of *necessity*, I hoped she would think my conduct *defensible*, if I now made it the habitation of *choice*!"

You will not be pleased at me, for suffering my pique to evaporate in pointed expressions;

sions ; but, intruth, I was vexed. She looked ready to beat me. By this I was not hurt. Had not my grandfather and uncle looked unhappy, I should not have regretted what I had said.

Edward and Julia are always serious ; and Clara minds nobody. I wished to recal my words, however they had the desired effect, and I escaped further solicitation.

When I was retired to my chamber, I felt very disagreeable, at having given vent to so reproachful a speech. I feared my disposition was growing peevish, or what is worse, malicious. I recalled the lessons my mother and you had so often bestowed upon me, to teach me to guard against the innovations of petulance in speech. I determined to be more careful in future ; and will remember what the wise son of Syrach says. “ A soft answer turneth away wrath ;  
“ and

“and a word spoken in due season, how  
 “good it is!”

Your next letter will direct my proceedings.

EMMA DRAYTON.

LORD ESSEX TO LORD CRAVEN.

*London.*

**Y**OU have served me perfectly right, Craven; except in going to Paris, without dropping me a line to inform me of your intention. But I acknowledge my fault; and, as I am now in my rational senses, will explain the reason I did not witness your happy nuptials—and hope for belief, when I assure you, that no one more sincerely participates in your felicity, than myself; and, had not unavoidable necessity

fity



city compelled me to take a different road, I should have long ere this paid my devoirs to the inhabitants of Raymond Castle.

You will ask me, what has occasioned this extraordinary change in my stile. I will confess, and give you leave to rally me as much as you please.

The day after I received your admonitory epistle, an express arrived, commanding my immediate presence in Wales, to assist at the nuptials of the Earl of Caernarvon, my mother's nephew; and to escort my sister, Lady Orrery. I complied, not doubting but I should return in time to pay due honour to yours.

We were soon at the abbey of Murdoch, a venerable pile of building, which has descended from father to son, through unnumbered generations. The next day introduced

roduced to us our relative elect, by the simple name of Claude de Grey!

Is it possible to express our astonishment at the sight we beheld? Imagination, ever fertile, had supposed that the noble Caernarvon, of illustrious descent, and large possessions, would, undoubtedly, have chosen a partner with equal advantages. Conceive our surprise, at beholding the sweetest picture of rural innocence you ever saw!

Claude de Grey is about sixteen; light blue eyes; deep auburn hair; and a complexion hardly to be paralleled. Her dress, a light robe of muslin, fastened round the waist by a sash of sapphire blue; the natural ringlets of her hair flowing uncontrouled down her neck—and only prevented from straying over her forehead, by a wreath of artificial flowers.

Caernarvon

Caernarvon watched Lucy and me, to observe the effect. If our countenances expressed our thoughts, it were admiration at the novelty of his choice, more than of approbation; for her manners are unrefined, and her mind untutored. Wild as the native kids, she knows no restraint, and treats his lordship with downright rudeness—which he styles amiable freedom and simplicity!

This child of uncultivated nature, is the offspring of a poor cottager, a tenant of our right honourable cousin, and ignorant and unpolished as the generality of Welsh peasants are.

It seems, Caernarvon, in conformity with the opinion of many beside himself, vowed never to marry unless he could meet with a female who, preferring him for his merits, would pay no respect to fortune.



He fancied himself in love with Colonel Belmont's elegant daughter, and was very assiduous about her. She, in return, paid him those civilities which a sensible woman never refuses to a well-bred man; and which his superior rank demanded. We too often stamp the conviction of truth upon our wishes. Misled by his desire to have it so, his lordship construed respect into love; and determined to prove the disinterestedness of it.

Fraught with this idea, he put off all resemblance to the Earl of Caernarvon, and commenced plain Mr. Maynard. Rather addicted to the coxcomical in his dress, he was totally metamorphosed. A drab coat, unornamented; his own hair, without powder, and not tortured into any degree of form. Thus equipped, he sallied forth, a complete knight-errant in the service of love.

III Colonel

Colonel Belmont was then at his seat in Merionethshire. Thither our Quixote pursued Miss Belmont, and threw himself in her way. As an harmless, inoffensive young man, he was received and treated by the Colonel and his daughter. Thus authorised, he declared his passion, and was repulsed with some tokens of contempt. Irritated at the ill-success of his fine-laid scheme, he informed her, as intelligibly as anger would permit, his disguise, and the occasion of it; and vowed never to see her again.

Surprise deprived the lady of the power to explain matters; and, before her father could rectify his lordship's mistake, he had quitted the place, enraged at her perfidy and inconstancy. What renders the matter so-ludicrous is, Miss Belmont's long and permanent attachment to Sir Greville Sidney—the day for uniting them being named prior to this adventure.

Disappointed

Disappointed at his first trial, he proceeded to Murdoch Abbey, where, by accident, he saw Claude de Grey, who is certainly irresistible, if mere regularity of form and features can be called so? In quest of new adventures, he now assumed the garb of a peasant; and, in pastoral Welch, wooed the fair Claude. Unrestrained by those nice distinctions which regulate the words and actions of well-educated females, she avowed her regard for her dear Morgan Evans, with free good-will.

Pleased with his conquest, our noble cousin made his next appearance in *propria personæ*; and addressed her as himself. Her poor old father, elated at the great honour done them, though hardly sensible what it meant, told Claude to go to his lordship, and fall down on her knees. She did so—when he raised her, and told her she was to be his wife. The simple innocent burst into tears,



tears, and said, "she would have nobody but Morgan Evans!"

This was a triumph indeed. Every thing was explained; and the fortunate damsel conveyed to the abbey, to be polished. His lordship, judging her sufficiently qualified, did us the honour to solicit our presence; which, unacquainted with particulars, we had no pretence to refuse.

To conclude this charming example of adherence to favourite tenets, Claude de Grey is now Countess of Caernarvon, and does amazing honour to his lordship's taste.

It was impossible for Lady Orrery to refuse her assistance in entertaining the numerous visitors, that respect, or curiosity, brought to Murdoch Abbey—which detained us some time longer, and propriety, added to the most sincere affection, obliged me to wait Lucy's return.

This was but a few days ago; when I was mortified with the intelligence that you had left England—which interfered somewhat with my views; having so far subdued my *false pride*, as to glow with impatience to avow the pure flame that animates my bosom for the divine Emma. Caernarvon's folly opened my eyes to the absurdity of expecting such a woman as your niece, to declare a predilection, unfought and unsolicited.

The death of my uncle, Sir Herbert Wentworth has, by adding a few thousands to my annual income, enables me to overcome my former *delicacy*; and, I am now on the wing to Belvoir Lodge, to woo the sweetest pattern of human excellence, in the person of Emma Drayton; and to beg the interest of perfect benevolence, in Lady Mary Montgomery.

With

—With me success, Craven. If I fail, why—I will die a bachelor, and appropriate my fortune to buy poor virgins husbands, &c. But why anticipate evil, “my bosom’s lord sits lightly on its throne,” and augurs happiness? Adieu!

## ESSEX.

LADY EMMA DRAYTON TO LADY CRAVEN.

*Melcombe Park.*

**D**isagreeable as I know it will be to you, Clara, I yet must impose on you the task of informing Lord Craven, that Mrs. Westbrooke is dead!—I have been, and, indeed, am now, extremely shocked at the event!

The day you set off for Paris, I accompanied Lord and Lady Castlehaven home, where



where Lady Mary was to call for me.—  
 Eliza and Caroline Westbrooke were sent  
 for to enliven our society. The sweet girls  
 and I were mutually happy on the occasion.  
 Released from the strict severity of their  
 mother's eye, they indulged themselves in  
 an innocent vivacity which infinitely be-  
 came them.

To disturb our peace, Mrs. Westbrooke  
 came to fetch them, their leave of absence  
 being expired. I felt, as usual, very un-  
 happy in her presence, and her daughters  
 shrunk into their accustomed silence. My  
 grandpappa noticed the change, and en-  
 quired the cause—which you may be sure  
 was not acknowledged.

Mrs. Westbrooke took leave to censure  
 my conduct, in the rejection of the Duke  
 of Surrey, which I defended. His Grace  
 of Melcombe, Lord Doneraile, and, in-  
 deed, all who have done me the honour to  
 select

select me as the object of their attention, passed in due rotation ; and she “ thought “ it rather unfortunate when young females “ were left independent, as it frequently “ made them capricious, and inconsistent.”

This freedom, which none of my beloved friends had ever taken with me, I could but ill brook from her ; and, to evince my disapprobation of it, I scarce noticed her remarks.

Thus situated, I wished impatiently for my dear Lady Mary. The day before she was expected, Mrs. Westbrooke was taken violently ill of a fever, which increased so much, that the family physician declared her in danger. Her worthy husband, and amiable children, were distressed beyond measure. Lady Castlehaven was much afflicted ; nor could my lord and I be unmoved at the sight of her in such a condition.

In her delirium, she raved insensibly of my mother and Sir Charles Eltham, and execrated them as the cause of her misery. In a soft, pathetic tone, she addressed her husband, "begging him to pity her, to love her, and not destroy her happiness, by cold looks of disdain. She called him her dear Loudon, and (instantly screaming in agony) bade them take him away, and try to stop his bleeding wounds!" Then, exhausted by her exertions, she sunk into an insensibility to all around her.

Conceive, my dear Clara, how miserable this forced retrospect of my parent's woes made me! Mr. Westbrooke was happily ignorant, and only attributed her ravings to the effects of the fever. Lady Castlehaven felt them, and looked at me with supplicating looks, which excited my heart-felt commiseration for the feelings she must experience, as a mother and a partner.



partner in the unhappy scenes which were thus renewed, in recollection.

At the time appointed, my best friend arrived, and found us in the deepest affliction. I could not leave the distressed family, whilst uncertain of the event; and my kind Lady Mary staid with me.

The third day of her illness, terminated Mrs. Westbrooke's life. I wish I could ascertain her repentance; but her dying in a state of delirious insensibility, renders that impossible. May the Judge of all hearts pity and forgive her errors!

How awful a monitor is a sick-bed!—Who could harbour resentment, and see the dreadful ravages of approaching death!

Lady Castlehaven is in a very indifferent state of health. Her child's unprepared death; and the sad tokens she evinced of  
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an unhappy state of mind, has filled her heart with sentiments of remorse for the part she took in promoting my mother's calamities. This affects her constitution, and she repeatedly tells Lady Mary and me, that nothing can relieve her mind, but an ample confession to my grandfather. We endeavour to dissuade her from it, on consideration that it will only imbitter his future days, without answering any material purpose.

She sinks beneath the weight of her own demerits, and acknowledges the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence in depriving her of those dear children, for whose sake she condescended to practise deceit and cruelty towards Lady Loudon. Lady Mary speaks comfort to her, and I join in offering her the little consolation in my power.

I, who a few days ago disliked and avoided Lady Castlehaven, now sympathise  
in

in her griefs. So powerful is the appearance of distress! It is with me irresistible! She implores my forgiveness continually, with such tender solicitude, that I am compelled to oblige her.

What I would advise is, that my uncle would hasten home. Her whole happiness concentrates in him. It would, therefore, be cruel to deprive her of the only blessing she can enjoy, for the short time she has to continue in this "vale of tears."

I should be very angry at you, were not my spirits too much depressed by recent circumstances. Did you not tell me Essex was attached to Lady Selina Clairville? You was a wicked creature, for it. But I shall not dwell upon the matter, as Essex wrote to Craven, prior to his visit at Belvoir Lodge. Not finding us there, he paid his respects here; but I will not indulge



you with the success he met with, to revenge your malicious insinuations.

I will not tell you whether surprise or pleasure was predominant; nor whether or not Lord Castlehaven and Lady Mary interest themselves in his behalf. In short, I will confess nothing, but that Effex is the most amiable of men; and that your saucy impositions have caused me a few unquiet moments.

I forgot to mention, that Mr. Westbrook, though very much affected at his wife's premature death, spares one of his darling girls to remain with Lady Castlehaven.

Lady Mary kindly permits me to stay with my delighted grandfather, until your lord return; and what is still more pleasing, she condescends to stay here also, in compliance with the wishes of her pet.

Effex

Essex has a house a few miles distant—and *sometimes* favours us with his company. But I will not gratify your fondness for satire, by giving you an opportunity of exerting your favourite talent.

“Could I shed blessings as the morn  
“sheds dew,” my dear friends at Paris  
should largely participate; but, as I am  
not endowed with that happy power, I can  
only *wish* you what I cannot *bestow*.

Make my love to Edward. Tell him  
to write to me soon.

EMMA DRAYTON.

EARL

EARL OF LOUDON TO LADY EMMA DRAYTON.

*Paris.*

**H**OW different are my present sensations to those which dictated my last letter from hence? You, my dear sister, are acquainted with the conflicting agonies which then rendered me miserable. All, now, is joy, gratitude, and delight! Julia, my inestimable Julia, has consented to my ardent wishes of calling her mine!

But I forget you are unacquainted with the particulars of our voyage. My happiness makes me unmindful of those little circumstances, which a more tranquil mind would enlarge upon.

Permit me to pass over every thing till we arrived at Paris, where we found the Marchioness de Alembert, and my Julia's father



ther and sister. The meeting was truly pathetic. It awakened, with redoubled force, those acute sorrows which time had, in some degree, deadened!

Never did I witness such a silent, majestic sorrow, as pervades the manners and looks of the Marchioness! It subdued my feelings, and I felt the ready tear steal involuntarily down my cheek. The sweet Louisa, is the very picture SHAKSPERE has pourtrayed. "She sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at grief."—The Duke alone was collected enough to welcome us.

The amiable sisters have acquired a superior degree of affection, from the late distressful event—and the old Duke more justly divides his affection between them.—After the first emotions of sorrow, we were, though not sprightly, yet far from melancholy; as the Duke, Marchioness,

and Louisa, stifled their sorrow, to participate in our joys.

Yesterday bestowed the name of Loudon on my love! May she never experience the least part of those woes which our mother endured under that title! All parade was avoided, and nobody present on the auspicious morn, but those connected by kindred ties—except my good old friend Monsieur Lauzanne, who rejoices in our happiness. In a few months we shall return to England, under a promise of visiting Paris the ensuing year.

The Duke of Rochester will accompany us. Louisa, our pensive, elegant Louisa, will remain at Paris. Her happiness is buried with de Alembert; and she sighs for the moment which is to carry them back to his Chateau—where a Mausoleum is erected to his memory. They quitted it in compliment to us; but we have more than once paid our tribute of tears over his tomb!

You

You may, perhaps, consider Craven, his Clara, and myself, scarcely interested enough to feel mournful sensations. As a friend, we do not regret his untimely exit—because we personally esteemed him not; but the feelings of humanity prompt us to deplore the loss of an useful member of society, through ill-corrected habits, and unlimited indulgences! Had he been what education, ability, and fortune, *ought* to have made him—how wide, how extensive might have been his influence! This country might have blessed the hour that gave him birth! His dependants would have looked up to him, as their support and protector! And his family and friends would have derived happiness from his conduct!—How sad the reverse! His country regrets not his loss! His servants revere not his memory! And his friends experience double poignancy of affliction, from the wretched event that deprived him of life!

It



It was a desire of his last breath, to be buried in the wilderness where my Julia overheard the dialogue between him and the Duke de Henrie.—The monument is the clearest white marble, plain, and unornamented : the Inscription as follows :

HERE LIES INTERRED,  
 FREED FROM THE INCUMBERING WEIGHT  
 OF MORTALITY,  
 THE ONCE GAY, THOUGHTLESS  
 DE ALEMBERT.  
 UNPREPARED FOR DEATH HE YET SOUGHT  
 THE TYRANT,  
 AND RUSHED ON THE SWORD OF HIS  
 FRIEND,  
 AND INTO THE PRESENCE OF HIS GOD,  
 NEARLY AT THE SAME MOMENT.  
 LET THE VEIL OF OBLIVION BE DRAWN OE'R  
 HIS FOIBLES;  
 LET THE EYE OF PITY BEDEW HIS TOMB;  
 AND WHILST WE COMMISERATE  
 THE FAILINGS,  
 AND LAMENT THE WEAKNESS  
 OF HUMAN NATURE,  
 MAY WE LEARN INSTRUCTION FROM  
 HIS ERRORS,  
 WISDOM FROM HIS END,  
 AND OBEDIENCE TO THE WILL OF GOD.

HE DIED IN AUGUST, 1785.

AGED 22 YEARS.

IN

IN this sad Record, read a Parent's woe ;  
 Beneath this Tomb her blasted Hopes recline :  
 Let sympathising Sorrow overflow ;  
 And may the Grief thou pities ne'er be thine !

Frail is the Texture of our brittle Clay ;  
 Hid in a Veil of Darkneſs, lies our Fate :  
 When Heav'n decrees, the Call we muſt obey ;  
 Then let not Men the Time anticipate !  
 When the laſt Trumpet ſounds its awful Voice,  
 And waken'd Myriads to Life return,  
 Oh ! may DE ALEMBERT again rejoice,  
 And riſe forgiven from his earthly Urn !

The Inſcription is the production of the amiable Louiſa. I will not dwell upon it, as I know it has already powerfully excited my Emma's ſenſibility.

Oh ! my ſiſter ! how my heart expands at the retroſpect of our lives ! A ſhort time ſince, we were dependent on the beſt of women—without any claim but what her benevolence allowed us. Ignorant of our birth, and doubtful of our expectations. I was diſtracted by a hopeleſs paſſion—a prey  
 to

to agonizing reflections, and distressing fears!—How striking the contrast! Birth, fortune, friends, and happiness, attend upon our steps, and throw a lustre on our future hopes!

May that Power who has thus gradually led us to happiness, preserve us in the enjoyment of it! And may we never be so unmindful of our blessings, as to hazard their continuance by neglecting gratefully to evince our sense of them! If I ever forget the gratitude I owe to heaven, may I be punished by the deprivation of a part of those treasures I possess, and so highly value!

When we return to England, I will erect an asylum (on that very spot where our honoured mother lived) for the reception and education of Orphans, and will endow it as a tribute due to *Benevolence*!

Tell



Tell the dear lady, to whom—as Heaven's peculiar agent—we owe every thing, that my morning oraisons, and evening prayers, shall end in blessings for her!

My wife, my Julia, bids me tell her and you, how dear she holds you both.—My uncle, his Clara (who is the most amiable of wives, and most agreeable of friends) and every individual here, join in wishes for your health and happiness.—Adieu! my sister!

*I am*

*Thy supremely happy*

L O U D O N.

F I N I S.